

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

DECEMBER 27, 1941

WHO'S WHO

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GREETINGS and best wishes to all our friends of AMERICA as this tragic December turns into a New Year. Out of 1942, with its fears and sacrifices, may there emerge a New Order that will pay homage to Christ the King.

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COMMENT

DECEMBER dwindles into history. A new January is beginning to unfold the new year of Our Lord. There was strife within the nation all through the months of the past year, and rancor was rising, until the first Sunday of December. A blow from without shocked us into unity. Now that the nation is engaged in war, all of the citizens must be on the one side, as against the enemy from without. Now, we must face the stark realities. The nations with whom the United States is at war must not be under-rated. They are strong in manpower and in equipment, they have proved desperately determined, and they have given evidence of masterly strategy. As regards Japan, we must toss aside the thoughts of the past, that the United States could go out into the Pacific and, without much effort, smash Japan completely. This country must be prepared for a bitter fight, and for adverses. As regards Nazi Germany, we must not permit ourselves the folly of wishful dreaming. The present quiet along the Russian front, and the recent successful British drive in Africa mean no more than a lull. The Hitler hordes are still capable of aggressive and devastating power. But we Americans are not afraid, either of the Japanese to the west or the Nazi to the east. As we have borne the shock of December 7, and have risen to a great crisis, so shall we face whatever adversities there may be in 1942, with a constant conviction that ultimately we must win.

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RINGING declarations of full support for the nation's defense, pledges of cooperation to the end of victory under God, came from the Bishops of the country as an immediate response to the attack on American possessions, property and lives. Following are a few brief words culled at random from this nation-wide declaration:

Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia: "We place at the disposal of our Government everything in our possession."

Archbishop Curley of Baltimore and Washington: "At such a time there can be no place for dissension. Now is the hour for unity."

Archbishop Spellman of New York: "As an American and one of 25,000,000 Catholic Americans, I follow the identically glorious traditions of my country and my religion."

Archbishop Mooney of Detroit: "Patriotism supported by religion has only one answer to such a challenge."

Archbishop Stritch of Chicago: "Today in this dark hour we look to God for our help and the righteousness of our cause. May the Immaculate Virgin, the Heavenly Patroness of this country, help us by her intercession to serve all men in our courageous, unflinching, calm service to our flag."

Archbishop Schrembs of Cleveland: "Let us pray especially for the President of these United States, that God's wisdom and power may guide him in these distressing days and may God spread His protecting hand over our land and over our brave soldiers."

Sunday, December 21, was set aside by the Most Rev. John F. Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, as a day of prayer for Divine protection upon our country. Said the Archbishop: "In this solemn hour let us as Catholics and God-fearing citizens dedicate ourselves generously to the service of our country."

The discipline of self-control was urged upon his clergy and Faithful as a powerful contribution to their country in this time of crisis by the Most Rev. John J. Mitty, Archbishop of San Francisco.

Archbishop Murray of St. Paul: "The declaration of war which involves our country imposes obligations of patriotic service of all our citizens."

Bishop Ryan of Omaha: "The first duty of the nation is to defend itself and its citizens in their homes."

Bishop Muench of Fargo: "We shall pray earnestly that victory may be ours and ours soon. In pursuing it we shall keep from our hearts all hatred, as befits a Christian."

Bishop Gerow of Natchez: "Our duty as Catholics requires the sacrifice of much personal liberty and the generous assumption of burdens."

Bishop Morris of Little Rock: "Acquit ourselves with such honor and devotion as the holy Church teaches us to do."

Bishop McAuliffe of Hartford: "We are ready to defend our country even to the supreme sacrifice. We shall remain calm and temperate during the crisis."

Bishop Hafey of Scranton: "Our President has summarized the goal . . . in these three words: 'Liberty under God.'"

Bishop Keough of Providence: "Obedience and loyalty to authority is paramount at this time."

Bishop Kearney of Rochester: "We place at the disposal of our country all the spiritual, moral and material forces of our Church."

Bishop Ritter of Indianapolis: "We urge . . . unstinted and united support to the civil and military authorities of our Government."

Bishop Plagens of Grand Rapids: "Now is the time for more intensive prayer, for greater sacrifices . . . so that out of this trial we may all rise a better manhood and a greater nation."

Bishop Kelley of Oklahoma and Tulsa: "We have entered a just war. Catholics know what that means."

Bishop Swint of Wheeling: "There can be no room now for selfishness of any kind or for self-interest or shirking of duty."

ANNOUNCEMENT is welcome that a statement on future peace aims has been prepared by a committee of the Hierarchy in this country. The committee is composed of Archbishop Stritch of Chicago, Bishop Ryan of Omaha and Bishop Muench of Fargo. "There is no contradiction," says Archbishop Stritch in his preliminary statement, between the struggle for victory of our armed forces and "the humble adoration before the crib of Bethlehem." We are fighting "for things which were given to the world on the first Christmas morn when, through the gates of a Virgin Mother, the Prince of Peace came and walked on this earth." "Clearly it has been stated," says the Archbishop, "that we are fighting for the rights of men and the security of our freedoms." It has been clearly stated and that declaration is our inspiration. But only the enlightened religious conscience of the people of America can make a *reality* out of that mere statement. Declarations are easily made in the time of war. The committee does not undertake, as Archbishop Stritch observes, nor does the Church in this country, to "enter the realm of statesmanship." Its aim is to "try to make plain the indispensable postulates for a just peace treaty." The immediate task, before the statesmen plan their blueprints and sketch their maps, is for the Church's voice to be clearly heard upon "the indispensable postulates for a just peace treaty."

RESPONSE of Marshal Pétain to the news of Axis declaration of war on the United States is—to protest against the Nazi edict for the execution of 100 alleged Jewish Communists and anarchists in occupied France. Alluding to the executions of "hostages" this autumn, the Vichy communique observed that the very high number of those condemned had caused "profound uneasiness among Frenchmen." Response of Secretary of State Cordell Hull to questions concerning France put to him at his press conference on December 15 was to deliver a message of friendship and encouragement for the French people. "I firmly believe," said Secretary Hull, "that they will know now, as they have in the past, how to meet their responsibilities in this present situation." Response of French exiles in this country, of all shades of condition or political belief, is to express the hope that what is said by Pétain in France and what is said by Mr. Hull in the United States may prove to be a guarantee that neither country will permit France to be drawn into the ranks of our enemies. Nazi overlords and Italian journalists would readily place her in those ranks. But French minds have grown stubborn under the yoke of adversity. If American minds are equally stubborn in demanding fair play for France, even in time of war, we shall keep the friendship of a country where liberty will yet be reborn.

MEN and money, according to a popular notion, are two of the items sorely needed by a nation when the world around it is at war. As Germany's example shows, having the men is the most essen-

tial of the two. Doing without men is a risky business in war time. But taking money in order indirectly to subsidize organizations which devote themselves to abolishing men appears from a quite simple, logical perspective not only to be risky, but to border rather close upon mental aberration. There seems to be no particular reason why the United States, for instance, should feel compelled to commit a national hara-kiri. In view of this reasoning, it is difficult to understand how it occurs that contributions up to fifteen per cent of net income are deductible if made to the Birth Control Federation of America, Inc., and the National Committee for Planned Parenthood. (Cf. page 61, 1942 edition of Lasser's *Your Income Tax*. Simon and Shuster.) The movement for emptying cradles under the guise of rearranging them may have boundless fascination for certain types of social planners. But it is an extremely expensive luxury for a nation that is busy making ready to fight for its life.

NO time has been lost by the Association of American Railroads in trying to pass along to the public the recent wage increases granted to railway employees. On December 13, the Association asked the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to raise freight and passenger rates ten per cent. Whether the Commission will cock a generous ear to this proposal we do not know. We trust, however, that the railroads have considered their demand long and seriously. If rates are boosted at this time, there is danger that many shippers and travelers will turn to buses and trucks. According to figures recently published in *Railroad Data*, earnings of Class I railroads for the ten months ending October 31 are a healthy \$846,824,141, more than \$300,000,000 ahead of last year's returns for a similar period. Since the wage increases will amount to about \$330,000,000, the rails could meet this added expense and pay the same dividend as last year without any rise in freight and passenger rates. So far, the Association has paid scant attention to suggestions that the railroads forego an increase in rates for a time at least, until it is learned whether the added costs can be absorbed. We trust that, if they are successful before the Interstate Commerce Commission, the addition to fares and freight rates will not lead to a balancing loss of patronage.

JUST two hundred years ago, on December 8, 1741, Old Style (December 19, New Style), Witus Jonassen Bering, after "calm and earnest preparations," died and was buried on the Island which bears his name. To a world that absorbs ocean war maps as its daily fare, it is incredible that 220 years ago nobody in the civilized world knew whether America and Asia were connected by land or separated by water. As Leonard Stejneger, of the United States National Museum, writes in the *American-Scandinavian Review* for December, "the Pacific Ocean north of the forty-fifth parallel was a com-

plete *mare incognitum*." Two days before Christmas, 1724, Tsar Peter the Great, of Russia, sent this Danish sea captain on the First Kamchatka Expedition. Bering's entire instructions consisted of just eighty-seven words in three short paragraphs. He was to build boats (Heaven knows how) in Kamchatka, and find out whether or not Asia and America were joined by land. After surmounting unbelievable obstacles, Bering discovered the Straits named after him, but missed seeing Alaska, owing to the fog. Later a second expedition was formed, to explore western America, which came to a wretched end from scurvy and hunger. Denmark today has a right to be as proud of this hero as England is of Nelson.

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CULTURE seems a far cry in these days of destruction, but if we are interested in the world of the future, we cannot let lapse the good beginnings that have been made in making good neighbors to the south. But once again we are reminded that the Faith is the best means of winning our Latin-American neighbors' confidence. This reminder is given by the exhibition of South-American art now being shown at the Brooklyn Museum. More than fifty per cent of the objects on view are of a religious character. Our ambassadors of good will must speak to the southern nations as Christians.

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HERE is the story as it came to us. A group of men who were trying to prove that a great labor union was controlled by Communists obtained, by not altogether honorable means, it must be confessed, a copy of the minutes of the last meeting. They found all the evidence they wanted. From beginning to end, the meeting stuck like a burr to the party line dictated in Moscow—with one exception. Midway in the proceedings, a member, obviously a sincere and simple-minded fellow, arose on the floor and addressed the chair in words similar to these:

The papers say we are a Leftist outfit, and so do a lot of folks. Now we know that we are all good Christians and have nothing to do with Communism. Let's give a public demonstration that all this talk is a lie invented by enemies of union labor. Many of our members died during the past year. I move that we have a Requiem Mass sung for the repose of their souls.

The motion was carried, and at this point in the minutes was scribbled a note: "See that this gets in the papers." It did, and the Moscow net had ensnared some more "innocents." The pity is, and the scandal, that literally thousands of our Catholic workers are submitting, most of them innocently, with the innocence of ignorance, to Communist leadership. To change this humiliating and intolerable situation will not be easy, but it must be done. The December *Bulletin* of the Institute of Social Order points out one of the best means at hand—retreats for workmen. If any of our readers are interested in this important work, so highly recommended by Bius XI, we refer them for practical and detailed plans to this *Bulletin*.

THE WAR. On December 15, President Roosevelt addressed to Congress the American White Paper on the events leading up to the war with Japan. He accused the Japanese of bad faith, and in his charge included the Emperor. . . . "For the record of history," he specified exactly the timing of events. The actual air and submarine attack on the Hawaiian Islands occurred: Honolulu time, December 7, 7:50 A.M.; Washington time, December 7, 1:20 P.M.; Tokyo time, December 8, 3:20 A.M. The American Ambassador in Tokyo was called to the Foreign Office and presented with a memorandum on the negotiations: Washington time, December 7, 5 P.M.; Tokyo time, December 8, 7 A.M. The Japanese Ambassador delivered the memorandum to Secretary Hull: Washington time, December 7, 2:20 P.M.; Tokyo time, December 8, 4:20 A.M. The conclusion: war was declared by Japan and the attack on Hawaii was made before the final answer on peace negotiations was delivered to the American Government by Japan. . . . Returning from his investigating trip to Hawaii, Secretary Knox reported the Pearl Harbor losses: One battleship, the *Arizona*; one training ship, the *Utah*; one mine-layer and three destroyers; the *Oklahoma* capsized; other vessels damaged; severe losses in airfields. He declared that the defense forces were not on the alert, that there was evidence of fifth column activities, and called for an investigation. . . . President Roosevelt named an Investigating Board on the Pearl Harbor losses. Chairman, Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts; Maj. Gen. Frank R. McCoy, Brig. Gen. Joseph T. McNarney, Admiral William H. Standley, Rear Admiral Joseph M. Reeves. . . . The Army, Navy and Air Commanders in the Hawaiian Department were, December 17, relieved of their posts. Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, Commander in Chief of the Pacific Fleet was succeeded by Rear Admiral Chester W. Nimitz; Lt. Gen. Walter C. Short, Commander of the Hawaiian Department, was replaced by Lt. Gen. Delos C. Emmons; Maj. Gen. Frederick L. Martin, Commander of the Air Forces, gave way to Brig. Gen. Clarence L. Tinker. . . . Congress granted President Roosevelt extensive war-powers, such as were granted President Wilson in 1917. . . . Bills were introduced in both Houses calling for male registration for civilian defense duties from 19 to 64 ages. Military liability was placed at 19 to 44 by the Senate and by wish of the President; was specified 21 to 44 by the House. . . . The Army and Navy will not publish casualty lists, but relatives will be informed. The total casualties will be revealed. . . . In the Philippines, the Japanese effected landings on the Island of Luzon, in the north at Aparri and Vigan, in the south at Legaspi. They were repulsed at other points. To date, eight Japanese transports have been destroyed. The Japanese air forces have carried through attacks about Manila and other strategic centers. . . . Japanese naval and air attacks were continued against Midway and Wake Islands, and slight attacks were renewed about Hawaii. Guam has apparently been lost. . . . The entire Philippine Army, under Chief of Staff General Valdes, came into the United States Army.

BAPTISM of fire was experienced by the Most Rev. James J. Sweeney, recently installed as first Bishop of Honolulu. His house was struck by Japanese bombs. However, according to the N.C.W.C. News Service, all priests and Religious were reported safe on December 13. No priest, Brother or Sister had suffered death or injury from Japanese attacks on Honolulu up to that time.

QUIETLY and relentlessly the Nazi steamroller moves forward, intent upon the complete crushing out of Christianity. The famous Abbey of Clervaux, in Luxembourg, has been closed by the Nazis, its monks expelled on an hour's notice and its treasures taken away. Chalices and other sacred vessels were seized by the Nazis. Bishop von Galen, of Münster, in his famous sermon of July 20, 1941, told of the Gestapo closing the Mother House of missionaries who were themselves fighting and dying for Germany in the Russian war; of the Convent of the Immaculate at Wilkingshege converted into the National Film Office; of the Benedictine Abbey of Saint Joseph now to become a maternity home for "girl mothers" (*uneheliche Mütter*). What job is aimed at is seen by the already widely published Nazi plan of September 13 for the total subjugation of the Church in the Warthegau (Poland). *This is to serve as a model for the handling of the Church in the New Order, all over the world, including the U. S. A.*

WITH the movement for the beatification of Cardinal Newman there is naturally associated the prayer for the beatification of Venerable Father Dominic Barberi, pioneer Passionist in England, who received Cardinal Newman into the Church. The late Cardinal Bourne expressed the hope that Father Dominic would one day be honored "as our patron and protector in England." The same prayer was echoed by Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of Father Dominic's arrival. The Archbishop of Liverpool, the Most Rev. Richard Downey, said he hoped that when the war is over the process of beatification might reach a successful issue. Speaking of beatifications, 50,000 persons were present in the Basilica of St. Peter on December 7, when Pope Pius XII, accompanied by seventeen Cardinals, knelt in veneration of Blessed Magdalen di Canossa, foundress of the Daughters of Charity.

THAT the gospel of rural life should be spread in the cities as well as in the country areas of America is the view expressed by the Most Rev. Vincent J. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Bismarck, North Dakota, in the November issue of the *Catholic Rural Life Bulletin*, quarterly organ of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference. "The program," says the Bishop, "should include an intelligent and well-planned 'back to the land' movement—family size farms for certain groups and similar acreages for industrial workers. Such a program finds justification in the Pentecostal pronouncement of His Holiness Pope Pius XII, on vital spaces for the family

and man's natural right to access to the land." Loans from the Federal Government are contemplated for cooperative land settlement groups. The Bishop, therefore, expresses the hope that Government assistance may be obtained in the formation of religiously homogeneous cooperative groups. "We ought," he says, "to be ready to take advantage of the opportunity if and when it is offered." How effectively such loans can be utilized was shown by the Canadian economist, J. P. Lanctot, in the same issue, who notes that some 4,100 French Canadian settlers have repaid their loans in full.

ACCORDING to the N.C.W.C. News Service, combined sources of information indicate that 1,259 Catholic missionaries from the United States—priests, seminarians, Brothers and Sisters—are in the Pacific war-area created by Japan's attack upon Hawaii and the Philippines this week. Americans in that area include 534 priests, 52 scholastics or seminarians, 143 Brothers and 530 Sisters. They represent approximately twenty Religious Orders and Congregations, and also include diocesan priests. They have been laboring in Japan, Manchukuo, Korea, Hawaii, Guam, the Philippines, Thailand, China, New Guinea, Burma and Malaya. Thirty-two American Catholic missionaries shown to have been in Japan include one Jesuit priest, two Maryknoll priests and a Maryknoll nun, seven Marianist Brothers, one Sister of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, and twelve Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur. Of 104 Nuns of the Sacred Heart, 26 are in Shanghai, including 3 Americans; 41 in Tokyo (3 Americans), and 37 in Kobe (2 Americans): 8 Americans in all.

AFTER a lapse of 104 years, religious worship was resumed on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception in the Spanish Mission of La Purisima Concepcion. It was the anniversary of the first Mass celebrated on December 8, 1787. Through the co-operation of the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior and the Civilian Conservation Corps with the California State Park Commission, the mission, long in ruins, has been restored. It was founded by the Spanish Franciscan padres during the period when California belonged to Spain.

ESTABLISHMENT of a Catholic Interracial Council in Boston was encouraged by the Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Auxiliary Bishop of Boston, in an address at the annual Communion Breakfast of the Knights of Peter Claver at Blessed Sacrament Mission, Roxbury. "Justice first, even before charity: this is the natural order, the supernatural order, the God-given order, the Catholic order," Bishop Cushing said. The Interracial Council will bring together lawyers, physicians, teachers, civil servants, newspaper men and business men of white and Negro races. One of its most important committees will be that on Employment Opportunity, which will seek to remove barriers to employment in places where Negroes are now excluded.

THE CULT OF THE ATHEISTS FOLLOWS THE NAZI PATTERN

BRENDAN BYRNE

LOOK at the purveyors of hate in America, and you will see no more bigoted a group than that of organized atheism. Though Earl Browder, Fritz Kuhn, and Joseph McWilliams have been thoroughly debunked, these anti-Christian and anti-Jewish cliques continue to squirt poison with perfect impunity. Despite its virulence, anti-religious propaganda has been given a wide berth by institutes supposed to debunk pressure tactics and by legislative committees investigating subversive groups.

Spearhead of the anti-God campaign is the self-styled Freethinkers of America. Conscious of modern methods of manipulating public opinion, it is far more subtle than the old-fashioned, tub-thumping American Association for the Advancement of Atheism. It prefers the arts of suggestion and indirection to the cruder, but perhaps more honest, intolerance of the older school of God-haters.

Draping themselves in the American flag, the votaries of modern atheism demand the liquidation of religion on patriotic grounds. They masquerade as lovers of democracy. Behind the shibboleth of free thought they push their program of anti-Christian and anti-Jewish fanaticism. Posing as the New York League for the Separation of Church and State, the religion-haters bombarded the Albany legislature with telegrams and letters opposing the Coudert-McLaughlin Bill to provide released time from public schools for religious instruction. The real purpose of the League may be gathered from the coincidence that it shares offices with the Freethinkers of America, Inc., at 317 East 34 Street, New York City. Among the *bêtes noires* of both groups are Bible-reading in public schools, legal recognition of Christmas and Thanksgiving, tax-exemption of Church property.

Under the aliases of Freethinkers of America, Inc., and the New York League for the Separation of Church and State functions the same old coterie of professional religion-baiters. Joseph Lewis, William J. Fielding, Joseph Wheless, Harry Elmer Barnes and Rupert Hughes, high priests of the anti-God cult in the United States, form an interlocking directorate with Edouard Herriot, Bertrand Russell, and Harold J. Laski, leaders of the atheist hierarchy in Europe.

Of course the "freethinkers" are interested in neither freedom nor thought, but only in the destruction of religious worship. Intolerance, not liberty, is their goal. To the emotions and passions, not to the intellect, they address their ap-

peals. Thus, when President Roosevelt dispatched Myron Taylor to the Vatican, the "free-thinkers" added their voices to the "no popery" clamor of the Ku Klux Klan.

For the most part, their propaganda machine obsequiously hews to the pattern laid down by the master propagandist of the age, Adolph Hitler. Nazi and atheist alike appeal to the same mental and emotional processes. In the jargon of psychology, these are: frustration, projection, identification, rationalization, stereotype, simplification.

Like other bigoted sects, the religion-baiters readily draw recruits from the ranks of the frustrated and maladjusted. Unemployed youths and embittered war veterans formed the first cadres of Hitler's Stormtroopers. Of vocational misfits, neurotics, depressives and paranoiacs, the anti-God movement has more than its share.

The disintegrated personality is easily won by anti-religious calumnies, for he yearns for a scapegoat to revile as the cause of his own inadequacy and failure. In the ideology of atheism, the Church supplies the target which the bourgeoisie provides for the Communist and the Jew for the Nazi-Fascist.

Similarly, a psychoneurotic may compensate for his own inferiority complex by bitter diatribes against the gullible millions who accept the Bible. Or a border-line case may sublimate his exhibitionism by writing letter after letter to newspapers and magazines, inveighing against the Church.

The raving maniac in a mental hospital who accuses the psychiatrist of insanity is resorting to a projection. To divert attention from their own perversions as well as to serve as a prelude to the confiscation of ecclesiastical property, Nazi bigwigs have frequently given currency to tales of widespread monastic immorality. Atheist fuglemen are past masters at the art of ascribing one's own vices and shortcomings to the others. While they themselves beat the tom-toms of bigotry against church and synagogue, the religion-baiters indict Christians and Jews for intolerance. They deride all religion as superstition, but they always genuflect at the name of Voltaire and revere the dogmas of Bertrand Russell as infallible utterances. Spewing forth the vilest calumnies about religion, they have the effrontery to pose as the champions of truth and enlightenment. Meanwhile, they boldly peddle their own brand of narrow sectarianism, the cult of dogmatic atheism.

What nonentity does not derive pride from identifying himself with notables of one walk of life or another? Identification enables the village atheist to feel important in having something in common with a columnist like Harry Elmer Barnes, a novelist like Rupert Hughes, a politician like Edouard Herriot. Indeed, it may even afford the mediocre mind vicarious enjoyment of the literary prestige of Voltaire or the mathematical fame of Bertrand Russell.

Familiar to all is the person who spins out an elaborate system of reasons and arguments to justify an emotional aberration. To defend the destruction of independent Czecho-Slovakia, Hitler invoked the concept of *Lebensraum*. Always quick are atheists to rationalize their anti-religious obsessions by posing as the champions of the American principle of separation of Church and State. Solemnly they assure State legislators that only a fifth columnist would favor bus transportation at public expense for parochial-school children.

Much of our hazy thinking, according to Walter Lippmann, is a result of the use of stereotypes. The stereotype, or fixed picture in our minds of "the typical business man," the "typical New Yorker," the "typical isolationist," has been invented by mental custom as a time-saver and substitute for further mental exertion. A stereotype that swayed millions was Rollin Kirby's series of cartoons representing Prohibition as a long-nosed snooper with a kill-joy face. Goebbels seeks to have every German view Hitler as a symbol of incorruptible German patriotism endowed with the holy mission of inaugurating the new order of racial supremacy. The purpose of all atheistic intrigue is to present religion as a synonym for superstition and ignorance, atheism as the glorious wave of the future. No happenstance is it that atheistic propaganda repeatedly associates Catholicism and Fascism just as Hitler links Judaism and Bolshevism.

A favorite in the atheist's bag of tricks is tabloid thinking or simplification. A complicated set of truths is reduced to a simple formula eliminating all the important "ifs" and "buts." Result? A picture, simpler and easier to grasp, but inaccurate and perhaps even false. Thus, the fact that Hitler was born a Catholic is seriously cited by the atheistic propaganda-mill as proof of the alliance between Nazi-Fascism and the Church. A statement by Abe Reles, Brooklyn gangster, professing belief in the existence of God, is presented as incontrovertible evidence of the kinship between religion and delinquency.

When a witness for the opposition cannot be refuted, unscrupulous propagandists turn to smearing. No accident was it that the Nazi press published articles questioning Hess' sanity when his flight to Great Britain was announced. Unashamed to stoop to similar tactics were atheist moguls when Dr. Carl Binger, famed New York psychiatrist, before a medical congress, paid tribute to the role of religion in curing mental illness. Since it was impossible to challenge his evidence, they issued statements disparaging both his intelligence and integrity.

Another reprehensible practice of both the Nazi and atheist species of intolerance is card-stacking. It includes all the arts of deception, distortion, suppression and outright lying. Julius Streicher's *Der Stürmer*, organ of rabid anti-Semitism, regularly reprints from American journals stories concerning gangsters with Jewish names as proof of the criminal propensities of Judaism. In recent issues of their *Bulletin*, the so-called "freethinkers" flaunt such headlines as "Rabbi Steals Car," "Minister Slays Child," "Priest Commits Suicide." In another article, an unfrocked priest, one Lehman, mentions "Two-Gun" Crowley to prove the thesis that Christianity fosters crime.

Keynote of Hitler's psychological campaign, as laid down in *Mein Kampf*, is the insistence that propaganda must never be objective, but simple and striking in its falsehood. Who does not recall his dictum that it is far easier to palm off a mammoth lie than a small one? Perhaps no other doctrine of *der Führer* has been so obsequiously followed by the agents of professional atheism. Without batting an eyelash they audaciously assert the real author of *Mein Kampf* is a Benedictine priest. Einstein has refuted the existence of God, they announce. Most criminals are Catholics. Religion is a racket whereby crafty clerics get rich at the expense of the credulous faithful. Since the Archbishops of Canterbury and Westminster offered public prayers for the safety of British soldiers, Protestant and Catholic prelates are minions of Mars. Pope Pius XII is an atheist at heart because he built an air-raid shelter in the Vatican, thereby showing no faith in the Almighty. American Catholics are Quislings, scheming to betray the country into the hands of the Axis.

Sworn though it is to the eradication of all religious belief, the atheistic cult in America devotes ninety-five per cent of its propaganda to tirades against Catholics. Purpose: to sow in the hearts of Protestants and Jews the seeds of anti-Catholic rancor. If professional atheists succeed in driving a wedge between Catholics, Protestants and Jews, they have won an important victory.

It would be, of course, sheer folly for Jews, Protestants and Catholics to swallow the atheists' bait. In the face of the common menace, the forces of religion cannot afford to dissipate their strength by petty bickerings. Cooperation among religions is in order. For example, interfaith groups, like the National Conference of Christians and Jews, may do invaluable work in exposing atheist chicanery. Well might the Council Against Intolerance in America and kindred movements train their most deadly guns on anti-religious bigotry. Above all, every institution dedicated to the promotion of Americanism should carefully emphasize the spiritual roots of the democratic ideal. The link between religion and American democracy is so strong that no stroke of atheistic duplicity can weaken it. No accident was it that the Founding Fathers clearly acknowledged in the Declaration of Independence that the precious rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were given to men "by their Creator."

AN OPEN LETTER TO A PRIEST FROM A JEWISH COLLEGE-GIRL

FREDA CORELICK

MAY this find you in peace and health. I know that in opening this letter you apprehend finding disquiet and unhappiness, for you have heard nothing from me since that lonely letter a few months ago. But I am well again and on my feet; I have gained back my strength and my faith is as great as ever. A while after I wrote you, I reached the limit of enduring inactivity and uselessness in a world of sorrow, and I made a definite break from that uselessness.

Now I can explain the pain in my last letter. To come from the beauty of a college founded on Catholicism into a world torturing and murdering itself is not an easy thing, even though I already knew and hated the existing ugliness. For the beauty I had known had kept me strong above all. You often met me when I was out walking by the creek and laughingly asked if I were out to enjoy nature. Those walks were the sustenance of life to me.

Each day I yearned for the time most beloved by me—the twilight. Then would I watch the moon pass through the clouds as I pass through this world's series of events and places in a pilgrimage. Then would I stare at my hands and whole body, my soul gazing at the flesh allied to it but which will return to the earth which I often picked up and held in my hand. And the realization of life's actual existence was almost unbearable in its miraculous implications and wonder.

Then the nights. I would see the bright moon revealing the darkened school in meditation itself, with the lights of the city far below. To me the school was on the face of the earth and part of the world, and yet we were as on the very edge of eternity, with the torments and miseries of the world unactual and unreal. Suffused in a poignancy of happiness that I was a creature alive, glorying in life and her Maker, I knew that each individual had his pilgrimage as I, and the wonder of people existing on the earth was sheer miracle. And then I was wont to pray my most sacred and personal prayer.

"And I pray to God that the blessings being showered on me now, the privilege and the great happiness in being here, the sacrifices of my people—my mother—will never be forgotten by me. That I will ever strive as my greatest prayer to know God and strive more and more. To have the intensity of this prayer equalled by courage and ambition to realize it in working and achieving what I wish

for others. To know God myself and give to the world and others the beauty of what I know. And to create goodness for those who have been so good to me. Please God."

When I said "And to create goodness for those who have been so good to me," my beloved school was ever in my thoughts. For I was a Jewess alone among you, but you were good and I was happy. I once dreamed that I stood and watched the gardener working in the field which stretches between our convent and creek. He was raking the field into long aisles and the sun shone warm and gold and good upon the earth. Then I heard a voice say: "How beautiful is the soil of Christ." I came to you with the seed of love for God, life and man already in my heart; and the good Catholic earth did not reject the seed but took it to its bosom and nourished it. Instead of hating each other because of difference, we respected each other because of what we had in common and had no trouble whatsoever in working together.

It was not difficult. Each human being knows that he hungers. Many men do not know what they hunger for, but they know that they hunger. The atheist will deny that this hunger is a yearning for the fulfilment of Divine truth and beauty, but he cannot deny that there is a yearning in his heart which cannot be satisfied with earthly things and things as they are on earth. That is the two-fold hunger of each man's soul—the hope of beauty eternal and the hope of beauty in man. That hunger is God's declaration of the brotherhood of man and the equality of purpose in the creation of all of us.

The Daughters of the American Revolution can ban Marian Anderson from appearing in an auditorium, but they cannot ban from her soul the Christianity which is greater than theirs. And has there ever been an audience made of all creeds and nationalities which could refrain from responding to the genius of a Heifetz because he is a Jew, or because he is playing the music of Bach, a Christian German, Mendelssohn, a Jew, or Tchaikowsky, a Russian? I know that Jews and Christians can be brothers, for I lived with you for four years in great happiness and in the perfect contentment of charity.

The goodness of the Sisters I shall never forget; their aid began when I was granted the four year scholarship and it never slackened at any time that I had need. Nor shall I forget their grace. The

beauty of the school is derived from them, their quiet yet busy passage through the dim halls, the classes of learning and humor begun and ended with a prayer. My walks about the campus were gladdened by their presence. How I loved meeting them as they performed their office, and they would nod kindly without interrupting the chant. I shall ever keep clear in my mind those nods from faces of ageless beauty, and the straight, direct gaze from eyes as open as the clear sky.

Often I would walk to the cemetery of the Sisters, the white order of peace. Each white stone marks a life spent in purity and devotion, the Mother Superior resting in solitary dignity in the center, as in life and all witnessing the beauty and safety of the Catholic Church. Many times have I stood there while tension melted from my heart and peace entered. I knew my flesh above and their bones beneath; I knew my soul and theirs. And now rests newly laid the sweet Sister who indulged me so graciously, sending me food into the room of sofas and cushions wherein she placed me to work at will, as day and night I worked to complete the honor project under your competent guidance.

You know what your guidance meant to me, what your mind and spirit will always mean to me. You spoke words of ultimate truth, and I loved you for it. Working under you was the joy of my school life, equalled only by the hours I spent praying as I walked about the campus. My spirit was my own whip, but you also were my spur. And I am grateful for those hectic, high pressure days when I continually worked at the heat of production, all my energies and abilities concentrated on the realization of a high purpose. It was those days which gave me absolute, undying convictions of what fulness of living can really be; when I finally sank into bed and rested with that wonderful feeling which comes only to those who act to fulfil their most sacred beliefs, then I knew what happiness was. And it was my life blood as a young writer. I believe sincerely that all great art is essentially religious.

Thus it was with great hope in life and the human soul that I emerged from my Catholic College a year ago to find mankind mindful, neither of its common Creator, nor purpose of having been created; living not in bonded brotherhood but in selfishness and pain. Creeds, races and nations, believing themselves supreme and all others damned, were the victims of their own vanity and greed and the drivers of egoistic cruelty. Morality was lost and the revenging force of hate tore blood from bodies and grace from souls. I sought for love and could not find it. I could not find the truth of God in men. Whereas, before, in my spiritual peace I could not realize the world's evil, now I saw, heard and read only of ugliness, and my peace was lost in a world of pain, futility and blindness.

I lost all initiative for creating beauty, for I believed the world would not listen. I led an aimless, inactive existence. I sat quietly, and helplessly watched the days of waste and uselessness go

by in a procession which brought torture and misery, not knowing what to do or how. Then I could not find the greatness of truth I had known in myself, and I lost my closeness to God. I felt myself a piece of flesh that "from day to day did rot and rot." When I did attempt to write, I would stop and think: "What do I write—why am I writing?" And the result would be an outburst of pain. But it seemed that it was my ego that was suffering, and I hated the dramatics and vanity which kept me from a heart pure as before.

Then I prayed that I might suffer if only to find truth, to suffer but understand the human heart and the beauty that it knows. I prayed that in losing myself it would be but to find myself again, more powerful and beautiful than before. And find myself I did, through pain. I was no longer the whimpering child. I realized I had sworn my life to fighting against ugliness and now I knew what I was fighting against and hated it even more. To pain I am grateful; it is my blood without which I could not live. It is my waker, should I sleep in a torture of stupor.

But my belief in the power of love is now even more intense. Man was made to love. It is as natural to him as breathing. It is the greatness of his soul. We were made to respond continually to each other; but selfishness, vanity and untruth keep us apart. Yet love of man for man is not predestined to damnation; we need only love the oneness of truth in men's souls and love will live. When each religion, race and nationality will fully recognize their common brotherhood, instead of disintegrating their souls with hate, they will grow through love, and nourish healthier ethics in their own ranks. Tolerance, consideration and justice will flourish among the people, and they will work together for a better life, economic and cultural, to be enjoyed by all. Only in this way will peace and reason and real progress come to the world. Through putting trust in material things men have become victims of envy and greed; until love and spiritual values return we will certainly and inevitably be unhappy.

Now, even more than before, I know the oneness of men's souls, their hunger and love for men and the Eternal. Life opened up its doors to me in my suffering, and I felt myself as in a mighty world of which I had not known before. Through pain was I let in on a great secret, a lonely, sorrowing one. It is life itself. It is man standing on the brink with a quiet face and a raw spirit, looking up to the heavens. What is man but a hungry soul? Yearn, yearn, yearn, for there is nought else for ye but to yearn. And we are lonely till we find the great Alone. We are lonely in our individual oneness until we find the eternal, central heart of Oneness.

We must all wait through life for Him. We are going from day to day in a sleep of forgetfulness, with moments of awakening to loneliness and sorrow. And we who preach words of love and greatness—what is there even for us but to wait for time to grant us peace and the answer to our yearning for fulfilment?

NURSES ARE IN GREAT DEMAND FOR CIVILIAN AND MILITARY NEEDS

SISTER MARY BERENICE

HAVE we enough nurses for national defense? No, we have not! Even before our country was attacked, the Federal Government had asked that 50,000 young women enrol this year in schools of nursing. A national survey reveals that enrolment will fall 5,000 short of this number, unless strenuous efforts are made to increase the figures for the second semester enrolment, usually occurring in January or February. If 50,000 are needed this year, many more will undoubtedly be needed next year and perhaps for a few years to come, unless world peace suddenly and blessedly descends upon us. Even in that event, this number may be needed to gain new recruits for our peacetime fight, a never ending one, for the health of the nation.

Federal agencies want 17,000 more nurses in 1942 than they now have; the first reserve of the American Red Cross Nursing Service needs 10,000 more. Civilian institutions, many of them, are at present suffering acutely from a shortage of nurses and predict that they will be short 10,000 in 1942. Since the total number of registered hospitals, sanatoria and related institutions in 1940 was 6,291, with a total bed-capacity of 1,226,245, it is easy to understand that 10,000 more nurses could be utilized, since it would mean only an average of one plus nurses to each institution. The field of public-health nursing does not know its 1942 need in exact figures, but the need is large, and their clamor for nurses rises loud and clear above the general din.

To shorten the nursing course is not an answer to this pressing need. Slowly and laboriously, the nursing profession, over a period of years, has set up an educational program and is constantly making earnest efforts to maintain and to improve it. They discovered that it takes three years to prepare a fairly good, all-round bedside nurse; to decide now, when our need for *good* nurses is particularly great, that a nurse can be prepared in a half, or third, or quarter of this time, would be shortsighted wisdom indeed.

To train supplementary workers is a help, but not a solution of the problem. Supplementary or subsidiary workers of various types are needed at this time and are being prepared either on the job, or by means of short courses in certain aspects of nursing, or in the tasks which, though usually performed by nurses, are not nursing; but their best and safest work is done only when they are under the close supervision of the graduate nurse.

To prepare more *bona fide* nurses is the only

satisfactory way to meet the need. Eligible young women must be interested in the splendid opportunities open to them in the nursing field. Good schools of nursing, those with sufficient clinical facilities for additional student experience, and with the educational facilities for an increased enrolment, must be urged to accept the maximum number they can adequately prepare.

GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE

To encourage young women to enter schools of nursing in larger numbers, and to help schools of nursing to meet the additional financial outlay necessary to educate these additional students, also to assist graduate nurses and colleges in their efforts to educate adequately for the more responsible positions awaiting properly prepared nurses, the Federal Government, this past summer, appropriated \$1,250,000 for the period until June 30, 1942.

Eighty-one schools in thirty-one States of the Union, the District of Columbia, Hawaii and Puerto Rico have thus far received this financial assistance. Some of the money is being used as "scholarships" to help needy students, who could not otherwise carry even the moderate expense of a course in nursing; some is being utilized by the schools to help pay for the additional faculty members, equipment, and living accommodations needed for the increased number of students they were obliged to enrol in order to receive Federal assistance; some is used for facilitating the advanced preparation of graduate nurses.

OPPORTUNITIES IN NURSING

First, but by no means most important, is the matter of salaries. They compare favorably with salaries for women in other fields of work, usually ranging from \$90 to \$100 per month for the three-year graduate without any additional educational preparation or experience to \$5,000 or \$6,000 per year for the best prepared and most successful nurses occupying desirable positions.

Nursing is unique in the great variety of activities it offers the members of the profession. Those women who like the atmosphere of the classroom; those who find themselves most happy when organizing and managing; those who enjoy meeting people and giving help in the form of individual teaching and advice; those who find their greatest fulfillment in work where the human element looms large; each can find, in the nursing field, some posi-

tion which requires her to do what she likes to do.

For the young woman who wants to use her hands, who likes people and desires to work for them and with them, who wants a profession filled with human contacts and human interests, there is bedside nursing, the backbone of the profession, the type of nursing which, to the average layman, is nursing. The curriculum of the school of nursing aims at preparing a good bedside nurse, since this is the base upon which all good nursing is erected.

The private duty or "special" nurse gives bedside care to one patient in home, hospital, or elsewhere. The nurse who is a member of a hospital nursing staff gives bedside care to more than one patient in the hospital. The visiting nurse works at the bedside of patients in the home, going from one to another on the hourly nursing plan, for those who cannot afford to pay a full-time nurse.

The head nurse and supervisor are constantly among the sick in their respective departments of the hospital, but their chief task is not bedside nursing; their duty is to administer their departments so that patients get the best possible service. If a school of nursing is connected with the hospital, the supervision and instruction of student nurses in their departments also fall to their lot.

The nurse who enjoys teaching finds ample scope for her inclinations in both the classroom of the nursing school and the wards of the hospital; also in the college or university where she teaches professional courses to both undergraduate and graduate nurses, and she may be found conducting educational programs for nurses on the staffs of various nursing agencies, who continue in this way to learn while on the job.

The operating room is a fascinating theatre of service for many a dexterous nurse. Here she is the right hand of the surgeon, preparing the room, preparing the patient, preparing the sterile goods, selecting and preparing the sterile instruments, and finally, after all preparations have been completed, acting as one of the surgeon's assistants at the operating table. It is an interesting and exciting battle—this battle of modern science and skill against the ravages of disease and the disastrous results of accidents—and the nurse is by no means the least important of the combatants, since the surgeon must lean heavily upon her for almost everything in the department of surgery except the actual performance of the operation.

The director of a school of nursing, whether hospital or collegiate, finds scope for both her administrative ability and her educational preparation, since upon her usually depends the management of the school, including the educational program, and some teaching in the classroom.

The director of nursing service has charge of the nursing personnel of the hospital (frequently also of other personnel) and it is her chief task to see that all departments have sufficient and efficient personnel to function smoothly and well.

The types of nursing service above described, with the exception of private duty and visiting nursing, are usually grouped together and loosely classified as "institutional nursing." As is evident,

they offer a goodly variety of positions and many nurses are contented to remain institutional nurses during their entire nursing careers.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING

The other very large field of nursing, with many different types of positions available, is that of public-health nursing. Most of these positions have one characteristic in common—major emphasis is placed upon prevention of illness, rather than upon the care of illness. The industrial nurse, as the name implies, busies herself among the workers in industry, and, under the direction of the doctor, watches over the health and safety of the employees, as well as assists in giving first aid in cases of accidents or sudden illness.

The visiting nurse, classed as a public health nurse and previously mentioned, not only gives bedside care to the sick in their homes, but is expected to teach health wherever and whenever the opportunity occurs, especially to the patient and his family. The city, county, and Federal nurses, employed by city, county, State and Federal agencies, have diversified programs, all dealing directly with the prevention of disease. Other public-health nurses, employed by hospitals, work in the outpatient department, where ambulatory patients come periodically for care and where, if they fail to appear, the nurse follows the patient into the home and, if necessary, gives nursing care there.

This glimpse of public-health nursing may explain why such work is a challenge and a stimulus to thousands of nurses who take it up and often remain in it for the remainder of their working lives, educating the public, both adults and children, in the ways and means of healthful living.

Other positions are available to nurses which do not quite fit into any of the three major groups discussed—private-duty nursing, institutional nursing and public-health nursing. Nurses assist doctors in their offices; they serve as stewardesses on airplanes and railroads; they are employed in the Army and the Navy nurse corps; they serve as State educational supervisors; they edit professional magazines; write books and articles on nursing; act as secretaries for state and national nursing organizations.

THE HEALTH OF A NATION

There is no profession today, open to large numbers of women and peculiarly attractive to women, that offers so much, in both opportunities for advancement and variety of service, as does the profession of nursing. While other fields of employment seem to be shrinking, that of nursing is expanding at a rather astonishing rate.

Health is becoming more and more a matter of public concern and interest; newspapers, periodicals, the printed word in general, carry constantly the message of health to the public and have educated their readers to feel that health, a blessing not to be lightly rejected, is attainable and maintainable for most of us. A vast expansion of public-health nursing was made possible by passage of the Social Security Act, since something like \$12,000-

000 of Federal money is yearly set aside for crippled children, and for maternal and child welfare. President Roosevelt's National Health Program presented to Congress in 1939 would make possible even a larger public-health plan. Cities, counties, and States as well as the Federal Government and the public at large, are waking up to the fact that an ounce of prevention is worth the proverbial pound of cure; but when they unwittingly withhold the ounce of prevention, they are becoming increasingly more generous in providing the pound of cure.

Giant strides have been made in the prevention and cure of disease; the result of the ceaseless efforts of research workers in the field of surgery, increased knowledge, combined with dexterity, skill and daring, makes patients well today who a few short years ago, if they had not died at once, would have lived only to become hopeless cripples or invalids, with the zest for life almost quenched. The terrible epidemics which, history tells us, decimated powerful nations in a few short months, weeks, or even days, are extremely rare today and when they do occur, are of mitigated severity, largely as the result of man's effort to wrest from nature the secrets which God, in His inscrutable wisdom, has seen fit to hide from us.

Particularly today, with "National Defense" in the air wherever we go, we look upon health as a great national asset, and realize poignantly that the less we possess it, the more vulnerable we, as a nation, become. The children of yesterday are today filling our camps with youthful soldiers and the physical examinations the rejected recruits undergo show us that what we did not do for them as children we must do for them now as adults.

During the Civil War, deaths due to disease numbered 65 men out of every 1,000 in service; during the World War, 19 out of every 1,000 men in the American forces died of disease, a striking difference from the earlier record. During the Civil War, we had no real "trained nurses" as we understand the term today, though 3,214 nurses, of a sort, were appointed for military service. During the World War, nearly 24,000 graduate nurses were appointed. As the number of nurses went up, the deaths from disease decreased. We do not know, of course, the degree of correlation between these two conditions or exactly how important is the part that nurses play in the nation's health; but we do know that the greater the interest in health and the more progress that is made in health service, the greater becomes the demand for skilled nurses.

NURSING SCHOOLS

In 1940 the United States boasted 1,311 State accredited schools of nursing. Of these 360 were Catholic schools, 4 were schools for men only, 64 were for men and women, 20 for Negro students, and the remainder for women only. 85,000 student nurses were found in these schools, 22,205 of whom were enrolled in our Catholic schools; the average number of students per school was 65; in Catholic schools, 75.6. The large majority of schools are "hospital schools" (i.e. they are owned and controlled by hospitals) offering a three-year profes-

sional course in nursing leading to a certificate and qualifying the graduate for the State board examination, which, when successfully completed, entitles her to use the letters "R.N." (registered nurse) after her name. There were 76 collegiate schools of nursing (schools which are either closely affiliated with universities or colleges, or integral parts of such institutions), carrying combined academic and professional programs of four or five years, and leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Nursing, or some similar degree. Three university schools offer a Master of Nursing degree to college graduates.

REQUIREMENTS FOR ENTRANCE

They usually include graduation from an accredited high school, with a program which meets college entrance requirements including courses in science, and a record which indicates the student has at least average ability. Some schools accept only students appearing in the upper third of the class; others, in the upper half. Some require one or more years of college credit, others give one or more years as part of their program. The college graduate is warmly welcomed into the profession, via the school of nursing, and, as mentioned, three university schools of nursing offer a Master of Nursing degree to her.

Eighteen is the usual minimum age, some schools requiring nineteen, and all schools preferring it; certainly no eligible young woman of twenty or twenty-five who feels the urge for nursing, should find her added maturity anything but an asset.

Since nurses deal with matters of life and death, they must be conscientious, for if their responsibilities are carelessly carried, death may play a bigger part than necessary. Nurses need a sense of humor (as do all people engaged in a serious pursuit) not only to maintain their own equilibrium, which is important enough, but, too, for the good cheer of their patients. Nurses must be honest, not only about dollars and cents but about everything else, including the spiritual commodities which cannot be weighed or measured. They should be well-balanced, with wholesome, pleasant personalities. These are the pre-eminent qualifications for a nurse.

No good quality of character or personality goes to waste in the nurse—there are too many opportunities to use them to advantage—so she need not hesitate to bring them with her when she taps at the door of the nursing school and offers herself as a candidate for the profession. A deeply religious spirit, for example, inspiring a sincere desire to serve God not only directly, but through one's fellowmen, should find happiness in nursing.

Whether the nurse witnesses God's handiwork in the form of a birth, or studies the mystery of pain at the bedside of a sufferer or helps a fellow traveler who, having reached the end of his earthly pilgrimage, reaches out for her sustaining hand while crossing the bridge to eternity—in any of these instances, she learns to understand with increasing clarity, the meaning of "Whatever ye do unto the least of my brethren, ye do unto me."

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, A SOLDIER OF CHRIST

ANDREW L. MICHUDA

RECENTLY my way of living was abruptly changed when I was solemnly sworn in as a member of the fighting forces of Uncle Sam. Like thousands of other young fellows subject to the draft I was inducted into the Army. Bewildered, homesick and saddened by the sudden transition from civilian to soldier, I felt the need of an inexplicable something to console my grievances. On attending Mass several days after being conscripted, I discovered what that mysterious something was: prayer—a simple, sincere expression of faith in God Who knows all and sees all.

Regimented with thousands of other individuals, a person soon ceases to think of himself as a solitary being with personal thoughts, responsibilities and reactions. Commands are given and you obey them without questioning the wisdom of the commander. You are taught to receive orders and execute them promptly. Several weeks in an environment of this nature and you begin to regard yourself not as a distinct entity but as an insignificant component of a large group of men.

It was while attending my first Mass in the Army that I was shaken into realization that God considers people not as masses but as individuated essences, each of whom is responsible for the welfare of his own soul. Perhaps the above statement appears to be superfluous to you who are living normal lives in the pursuit of your daily wages. But to me, now a private in the Army, the point had been quickly lost in military life.

When an army of men is gathered *en masse*, you will invariably find that moral laxity is much more prevalent than when each of the men lives a more personal life. This, I believe, can be imputed to the fact that the men do not think of themselves as separate units but act collectively with their buddies. Hence you can understand why my attendance at Mass was of so much importance to me.

The universality of the Church cannot be adequately grasped until you are thousands of miles from home without friends and in a strange environment. You may hear your pastor state that the Church is universal, but unless you travel from home you will not comprehend the true meaning of that statement. Although the pews of the church may be a bit rougher, the walls colored a different hue, floors unvarnished, it is the same Church.

Traveling on a train bound for an Army post situated in a locality which is definitely anti-Catholic, several of my chums evinced their fears of what was to come. Said one of them: "When we arrive, don't let on that you're Catholic or the officers will really take it out on you. They hate Catholics like poison."

The narrow-mindedness of this reasoning was proven on the following Sunday when we attended Mass in our recreation hall. Soldiers were forced to mill outside the entrance so they could fulfill the obligations of their religion. Encouraging, indeed, were the words of the Chaplain:

If any of you fellows are refused permission to attend Mass on Sunday by any officer, regardless of who he may be, please communicate with me at once. Everybody is given the right to worship which the Constitution expressly provides for and any attempt to nullify this right is unconstitutional. So I urge anybody who is prevented from attending services to please notify me at once.

Mass in an army camp is a novel experience. What impresses you as you enter is the lack of formality. The Chaplain speaks to the soldiers as man to man, and he is in a position to understand the difficulties of military life because he himself is a commissioned officer.

As it was impossible to assign a regular choir, the Chaplain requested the congregation to sing hymns which almost any good Catholic knows from memory. In the beginning, the men were a bit shy and sang in weak, squeaky voices. Father, perturbed by the poor response, halted Mass and turned to the men.

"Men, I want you to sing, not whisper." And he sang in beautiful, stentorian tones the lines of *Mary Dearest Mother*.

Following this inspiring example, the men burst forth in loud voices, singing in unison just as though they were marking time in a strict formation. Just before Communion, one of the servers went among the soldiers and requested those who wished to receive the Body and Blood of Christ to raise their hands.

A fellow appreciates being a Catholic when housed with a group of fifty men. One Saturday night just before retiring, I remember a chap asking: "Any Catholics in the house who want me to awaken them tomorrow for Mass?" This question was promptly greeted with chorused cries from different parts of the barracks. Mimicry of religion? Nobody has dared mock a church-goer in any of the barracks I have been housed in.

Atheists, nomads and chaps without any religion who loudly proclaim their heretic doctrines of non-belief assume a strange silence on mornings when we go to Mass. Frequently you observe fellows who perch on their bunks and look wistfully at you while you go off to church. They have no religion from which they can obtain spiritual consolation. They have no church to go to and, if I know genuine envy when I see it, those fellows absolutely have it.

Yes indeed. My religion has assumed a new, deeper meaning since I have joined the ranks of Uncle Sam. It is more than regular attendance at Sunday Mass. You feel it, understand it and live it every day whether you are dripping wet with a cold rain on maneuvers or lying comfortably in a warm cot. The national selective service act is serving a twofold purpose for me. Besides a soldier of Uncle Sam, it is also making me a truer soldier of Christ.

OUT on the edge of the Middle West, just where the great open spaces begin, a citizen with a grievance wrote a letter to his Congressman. The trend of political events was not to his liking, for this country, after traveling blithely along the road to financial bankruptcy, had at last plunged into an international war. But he had a plan which would save us. The first part of this plan was the immediate impeachment of the President, and the second was the immediate replacement of the present Congress by a new set of Senators and Representatives.

It will be observed that the thinking of this indignant citizen was somewhat muddled. To remove the President, it is necessary that the House vote an impeachment, and that the Senate try the President on the charges contained in this indictment, and find that they are true. If an immediate impeachment was what this citizen desired, he could hardly expect that the House, which he deemed unworthy of representing the people, would vote it, or that an equally unworthy Senate would sustain it.

But to add another consideration, he could hardly have expected that this letter would fall into the hands of a vigilant District Attorney of the United States. Still less, could it have occurred to him that this official would present it to a Grand Jury, asking an indictment. Letters of this kind, argues this zealous official, gravely disturb the public peace, and hinder the President in the execution of his constitutional duties.

Here, it seems to us, we have the first specimen of that hysteria which plagued us during the first World War. Granting, but not conceding, that the sentiments expressed in this letter disturb the public peace, the fact is that the letter would have had no publicity at all, had it not been given by the District Attorney to the press, to be printed in half the newspapers of the country. In the next place, where is the Federal statue which makes a criminal of the man who petitions the Government for a redress of grievances?

The first Article of the Bill of Rights protects this right of the citizen against the Federal Government. It was on the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the Bill of Rights that this District Attorney announced his intention of indicting a citizen who used this right. That, surely was a most unfortunate coincidence.

It may be taken for granted that the Grand Jury will decline to indict a man who writes his grievances to his Congressman. The importance of the case lies solely in the consideration that effective means must be immediately taken to avert the hysteria which in the last war not only did grave injustice to many innocent citizens who happened to be named Schwartzenfeld or Schoettelkoette, but made a mockery of the Bill of Rights by impeding the due course of law. Instead of an indictment, this Grand Jury should vote its stern disapproval of such an hysterical Federal District Attorney.

WAR AND CONSCIENCE

PRACTICALLY all the associations formed within the last year to oppose every measure which might involve the United States in the World War have been dissolved by their executive boards. These men and women exercised their constitutional rights in carrying on a campaign to protect what they believed to be the interests of the American people, and for what they spoke and wrote, they need offer no apologies. Their patriotism was manifested in an equal degree by what they did without delay when Congress declared the existence of a state of war with Japan.

It may be assumed that very few, if any, conscientious objectors will be found among them. Yet that the conscientious objector is still with us is shown by the fact that an association has been formed, with branches in a number of cities, to protect the legal rights of the individual who claims that his conscience will not permit him to support, by direct or even by indirect service, any of the Government's war plans. The enforcement of the Draft Act disclosed a surprisingly small number of objectors, and it is not likely that a larger number will be created by Japan's treacherous attack on the United States. Indeed, it would not be surprising to learn that many now in custody have been induced by the events of the last few weeks in Hawaii and the Philippines to change their views.

It is our reasoned opinion that very few conscientious objectors will be found among Catholics. Catholics who follow the Church in deploring war and loving peace, will also follow the Church in denying that all war is essentially evil, and in asserting that a war can be completely justified. Without presuming to speak for the theologians and moralists, we venture to assert that there is something awry with the conscience of the American Catholic who refuses to support the Government in the present war.

If, however, that conscience cannot be set aright, its unfortunate possessor cannot look for sympathy from his better-informed fellow-Catholics. He must follow his conscience, it is true, but he must also accept without repining the extremely unpleasant consequences to which it leads.

NATIONAL ECONOMY

WE have been told from the opening of hostilities that this war will be a hard war and a long war. While it may be that these officials at Washington are not gifted as prophets, our best policy is to accept their warning as literally true, and to shape our plans accordingly. War costs money, and since the Government gets its money chiefly through taxation, we shall have an "all-out" tax program as well as an "all-out" war.

It may seem absurd to talk of national economy during a totalitarian war. But it will be worse, far worse, than absurd, to tolerate a spendthrift policy in war time. Since this war must be won, and as speedily as possible, there can be no question of penny-pinching in appropriations for war purposes. At the same time, every expenditure must be scrutinized, and for every dollar the Government must get a dollar's worth of war material in return. If the officials who award contracts at Washington do not know their business, they must be replaced by men who do know it. Loss from contracts already awarded, strongly suggests the need of replacement. We expect our generals in the field to use their forces intelligently, and we can demand no less from the civilian officials charged to provide for the country's defense.

As for non-defense expenditures, the need for restriction has been repeatedly stressed in Congress by Senator Byrd and others for more than a year, but without effect. Now that war is on us, it is to be hoped that Congress will speedily adopt a policy of "all-out" economy in every activity that cannot be shown to be necessary for the country's security. A beginning could be made with the Government's publicity agencies which spent about \$27,000,000 last year for books, pamphlets, moving-pictures and radio programs, many of them of dubious value. Senator Byrd believes that at least one billion dollars could be saved every year by discontinuing activities which differ little from the costly "boondoggling" of a few years ago.

When a country is fighting for its life, it cannot have luxuries or even conveniences. War is at best a costly business, but it is the business of Congress to reduce the bill by abolishing every civilian activity that is not necessary for national security.

THE conference between employers and employees which the President called immediately on our entrance into the World War probably means that the Smith bill and all similar legislation will be laid aside by Congress. As stated by the President, the purpose of the conference was to arrive at a basic war-labor policy to "prevent the interruption of production by labor disputes." If this purpose can be attained by voluntary agreement, it is far more likely to be of permanent value than any that might be obtained by legislation. In his letter of invitation, the President did not outline, except in general terms, the plans which he thought the conference should discuss. Membership was to consist of twelve representatives appointed by the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L., and of twelve representatives of industrial management, appointed by the Business Advisory Council of the Department of Commerce.

Whatever the immediate effects of this conference, it will be agreed that such joint conferences can lead to better methods of adjusting industrial disputes than are readily accessible at the present moment. It is infinitely better to devise ways and means of averting disputes than to try to end them, once they have flamed up, by processes which mean, ultimately, that one party or the other nurses its resentment, after it has felt the heavy hand of the law. That, of course, is a truism, but because it is a truism whose wisdom we have never quite succeeded in applying to our industrial problems, it is worth repeating.

While, then, we welcome the conference, in the hope that it may contribute to industrial peace, its inherent shortcomings fairly shout for recognition. Something will be gained if its program smooths out "war-time" difficulties, but its vision should look beyond the immediate future to that time when, by the mercy of God, this war has ended. No one will ask that it assume the role of a prophet, for no man living can peer into the future to tell us with any certainty what that future will be. It can be predicted, however, without excessive rashness, that its employer-employee relations will be attended with difficulties quite as trying as those which we have experienced in the last decades. What can be asked, however, is that the conference decline to adopt plans merely because at this moment of peril they seem to be practicable, and that all its policies be based on the eternal principle that rights must be recognized and protected, wherever they are found.

An even more serious defect in the creation of this board is due to the manner in which the representatives of industry were appointed. While labor selected its members through the two labor organizations, the C.I.O. and the A. F. of L., an official connected with the Department of Commerce selected the representatives who, in his estimation, were best fitted to act for the employers. Possibly this official conferred with the heads of the great industries, and secured not only their consent, but their approval. But whether he did or not, the pub-

lished record does not disclose. Nothing in the President's letter compelled this.

Doubtless the industrialists will accept the conclusions of the conference, at least for the duration of the war. It is indeed fairly clear that the temper of these times will induce them to submit, as did the owners of the captive mines, to any proposal which the conference may choose to offer. With all this granted, however, it is open to the industrialists to complain that they were not permitted to be represented in the conference by agents of their own choosing.

It is unfortunate that an opening of this nature was afforded by the machinery which appointed half of the conference's members. We hope that the same method will not be used when the time comes for the formation of employer-employee groups more in harmony with the model suggested by Pius XI in his Labor Encyclical of 1931. "Let employers, therefore, and employees join in their plans and efforts to overcome all difficulties and obstacles," wrote the Pontiff, "and let them be aided in this wholesome endeavor by the wise measures of the public authority. . . . The guiding spirit in this crucial decision must be one of mutual understanding and Christian harmony between employers and workers."

In his recommendation of syndical organizations as a means of securing industrial peace, the Pontiff certainly did not have in mind groups of workers and employers, with representatives appointed by the Government, instead of being freely chosen by their fellows. For both groups, the Pontiff asserted a legitimate independence and freedom of action. A system under which representatives of industry are appointed without reference to industrialists, is as objectionable as one which selects representatives for the workers without reference to their wishes. In both instances, a legitimate right is set aside.

PRICE FIXING

THE Congressman who said not long ago that it was easier to pick up mercury with a fork than to write an equitable price-fixing bill, knew his subject. Only those who do not know it will think that task easy.

But it will not be made easier if Congress refuses to act because of its fear that the administrator of any price-fixing bill will be Leon Henderson. If Congress dislikes the philosophy of Henderson, it is free to advertise the reasons which make this man a dangerous administrator, and let the public judge whether these reasons justify a petition for his removal.

More than six weeks ago, Mr. Bernard Baruch, recalling his World War experience, said that a price-fixing bill was an immediate necessity. That necessity has certainly not become less immediate. What Congress needs is some of that willingness to act at once which the Government is urging on all its citizens. If one well-considered plan fails, we can then try another.

LITTLE FLOWERS

NEVER had Bethlehem seen so fine a caravan as that which brought the Wise Men, the Magi, from the East. That was the report of all the small boys in the village, and the most cynical among the gray-beards, who had witnessed marvelous things in Jerusalem, affirmed that never had any city beheld so gorgeous a spectacle. Even the babies were filled with wonder and admiration. They cooed and gurgled, and held out their little arms, as the train of the Magi passed through the narrow streets, a moving miracle of glowing color and tinkling bells. But now the strangers had returned home. Bethlehem resumed its customary quiet, broken only by the cries of small boys who, after the manner of their kind, reproduced with branches and bits of colored fabric, the splendor of the pageant that had dazzled them.

Within one house in Bethlehem, there was unbroken peace. Our Blessed Mother held the Child to her breast in an ecstasy of adoring love. He slept, and she laid Him on a cushion on the floor, and then, adoring Him, began to busy herself with her duties about the house. The gold that the Magi had left amply sufficed, even after it had been shared with the poor in the village, for their simple needs; besides, Joseph, the head of the Holy Family, the man of the house, would never let them want. He could always find some work at his trade.

This was Joseph's moment of great calm before trial. There was time for contemplation of the wonders that God had wrought in the Incarnation, and his heart swelled with gratitude. God had been so good in entrusting to him the care of the Divine Child and of His Immaculate Mother. But danger that Joseph did not suspect had drawn near.

As we read in the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Matthew, ii, 13-18) the Feast of the Holy Innocents, an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph, as he slept, bidding him take the Child and His Mother, and flee into Egypt, "for Herod will seek the child to destroy him." Even as the Angel spoke, the messengers of Herod were nearing Bethlehem, but Joseph "took the child and his mother by night, and withdrew into Egypt." Then was a voice heard in Rama, "Rachel weeping for her children," as the agents of a brutal king "slew all the boys in Bethlehem, and all its neighborhood who were two years old, or under."

These were the babies whom the Church honors tomorrow under the title of the Holy Innocents. They are the first of the long and glorious line who confessed Christ by their death, and the Church has always cherished them with motherly tenderness. In the Office for the Feast, she calls upon her great sons, Augustine and Jerome, to praise them in grave and sonorous phrases, but in the Hymn for Lauds she gives us the very human and delightful picture of these baby Martyrs, playing with their palms and crowns before the very Altar of God. May they be waiting for us on that day when the eternal gates swing wide for us, and we enter into eternal joy.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

TIMOTHY—HAMMER OF HERETICS

RAYMOND A. GRADY

HE IS a newcomer at my favorite bar, and of his antecedents I know nothing. I *do* know that he failed to lift his eyebrows in hurt surprise the first time I asked for straight rye, with no soda, gingerale, ice, water, or other adjuvants. He seemed to realize that I so ordered not so much because of doubt of his ability as a mixer as because I like rye just like that. It even turned out that he drank the same drink, in the same way, and for the same reason.

From that tenuous beginning, our friendship has blossomed rarely, and he looks forward to my coming and never fails to have the rye at my elbow in a jiffy. He also talks, when there is not too much business. And I have probably been drinking more rye than I want just so that I may get him talking. For his conversation is varied and edifying.

Today, for instance, he jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the radio, which was reproducing faithfully the moaning of a crooner. "Just listen to that guy," he said. I did listen, then, and heard the crooner sob: "What a fool I used to boo-boo-boo-be." The noise didn't strike me as more repulsive than that the usual crooner makes. The Lord knows they are not particularly worth listening to, but a man can become inured to them. But it developed that it was not so much the voice he resented as the sentiment.

"Did you notice he said 'What a fool I *used* to be?'" asked my purveyor of alcoholic forgetfulness. "When does he think he quit being one? It makes me laugh, some of these guys you run across. I've heard a lot of 'em say that. 'What a fool I was!' If they don't realize they're still foolish, they are."

"Another rye, Timmy," I said. "And there is much in what you say. A person who believes he has overcome or outlived his foolishness is really only fooling himself. I suppose to the cosmic intelligence, we are all but poor fools flaunting our suppositional philosophic genius in the face of other fools who disagree with us because they have their own ideas of what is right."

"That's right," said my Timothy. "What do we really know? I heard a guy speaking last night, some kind of a Bullshevik. He said there ain't no God. But he didn't prove it. How would a guy go about proving there ain't no God, anyway? I've heard some pulpit pounders do a pretty fair job of

proving there *is* one, but I never heard anybody prove there isn't. About all you could say is that you ain't never seen Him. And we ain't seen a atom, but I just read where some guy split one. You can't see the smell of that rye you're drinking. But you can't say there ain't such a thing. All this guy did was say there ain't no God, and then he poked fun at fellers that says there is. What kind of a argument is that?"

"Do you, by chance, believe there is a God, Timmy?"

"Me? Sure, sure. Just the same as you do; just the same as everybody does. I know you hear lots of guys saying they don't believe in God, but they do, just the same. They just kid themselves . . . for a while, anyway."

"I got a buddy, see, a guy named Paul, and he didn't believe in God. Used to brag about it, and poke fun at guys that did. A couple dozen times he got into fights with fellers about God, but he is a big bird, and he always licked them. Then he'd say: 'Huh! If there was a God, why didn't He help you out? Don't He help His friends?' And then, all at once, God did help a guy that Paul was beating up. And he's been a true believer ever since. Funny how things happen, ain't it?"

He seemed to think the subject had been covered adequately, and turned to discussion of the Yankees, for whom he appeared to have a special devotion; although allowing readily enough that they lacked something indefinable since The Babe retired.

"But how did God help the guy that was being beaten up, Timmy, and how did your friend, Paul, come to be a true believer?" I asked.

"Oh, that? Funny, it was, really. But it wasn't no joke to Paul. You see, he was down in the old North End, and he got into a argument with this little guy on religion, and that's a bad thing anyway you take it, even if you ain't in the North End. And Paul was trying to convince this little guy there ain't no God. Well, they finally got to swapping wallops, and Paul was licking the little guy pretty bad. And he laughed at him, and said: 'If there is a God, why don't He help you out now?' And the little guy hollered out: 'God help me now!' Well, just then a big brick come busting through the air and hit Paul on the nob and knocked him

cold. The little guy sprinted right away from there, and when I came up a few minutes later, Paul was sitting up, covered with blood, and holding onto the brick that hit him. Only it wasn't no brick. It was one of these here plaster statues, and it was covered with blood, too, off from Paul. But he was sitting there with a goofy look on his face, saying, 'So You *do* exist! So You *can* help your friends? And are You bleeding again for me?'

"I took him into the drug store and fixed him up and we been buddies ever since, and does *he* make a real Christian? Say, he haunts the churches, and anybody tells him there ain't no God got a fight on his hands right away."

With that, Tim hurried off to wait upon a party who had just come in. I sat there wondering if a miracle had occurred, hastily discarding the thought that statues fell like rain in the North End. When Tim did return he offered no further explanation. He seemed to think that the subject of Paul had been concluded. And I listened to a blast against "those fool youngsters; they order a drink it takes me fifteen minutes to mix and then drink it down before I can even get back to the bar. Don't they know nothing?"

I suppose a man is liable to get angry seeing the product of his skill treated so cheaply. But it left me unimpressed. I wanted to know where that statue came from, and at the first chance to get a word in edgeways, I asked him to explain that to me.

"But, look here, Timmy, where did the plaster statue of Christ come from, anyway? Statues don't just fall out of the sky."

"Well, they do and they don't," said my heresimach. "You see, it was my kid brother he was beating up. I saw it from our flat four stories up, and the first thing my hand lit on was that statue, and I beaned him with it."

SEASON'S GREETINGS

LOU BALDWIN

THE QUIPWIGGLES, Mr. and Mrs. Lester K., had decided that this year they would get started on their Christmas cards early.

"Emmy," said Mr. Lester Quipwiggles to his wife, whom he called by her Christian name, "I think we ought to get started on our Christmas cards early this year, don't you?"

Mrs. Quipwiggles replied vehemently in the affirmative. This was in April, and nothing further was said or done until November 18. On that date, Mr. Quipwiggles said to his wife:

"Emmy, I really think we ought to get started on our Christmas cards, don't you?"

Mrs. Quipwiggles replied vehemently in the affirmative, and by December 21 they were both actually sitting down and discussing the matter. It was

something of a matter for discussion, because the Quipwiggles had a special sort of Christmas card problem on their hands. It seems that, four years before, Mrs. Quipwiggles's uncle, who was in the paper business, had sent them a supply of blank cards and envelopes. After a lengthy discussion, it was decided to have the cards printed with a piece of original verse, and send them out as Christmas greetings. Composing the verses was a pretty tough job, but in a final great burst of lyricism they managed:

May you be happy,
And of good cheer.
Merry Christmas
And a happy and prosperous New Year!

The cards received a very enthusiastic response from all their acquaintances and even from some of their friends, and thenceforward the Quipwiggles enjoyed a reputation for ingenuity and held a new position in their community. Mr. Quipwiggles was elected president of the Hogan Community Men's Literary Club, and Mrs. Quipwiggles was invited to join the Sewing Circle.

The next year Uncle Jasper didn't come through, so the Quipwiggles, to avoid disappointing their community, had to buy some cards and have them printed. This time, since their talent for poetry had been pretty well exhausted, they decided on a drawing of Santa Claus on their card, showing him emerging from a fireplace with a huge bundle marked "Cheer." And beside the drawing they had printed, "Here's hoping he's got some in the bag for you."

This card took the community by storm. Lester joined the country club, which he couldn't afford, and Emmy made bandages for China.

The third year's Christmas greeting consisted of a small box containing a little silver bell labeled, "In the spirit of things, from Emmy and Lester Quipwiggles," and was received with the greatest enthusiasm of all. Since nobody understood it, it was considered the ultimate in subtle ingenuity. The Quipwiggles were quite bewildered by it themselves.

And this year they were stumped. Their imaginations refused to function, and they were stumped. Also, their furious social activity had left them several hundred dollars in the hole. At first Lester proposed that they omit a card this year, and simply send out empty envelopes. They both thought this an excellent idea—very esoteric and intriguingly subtle—until they realized that they didn't have enough money to buy either envelopes or postage stamps. This realization constituted a considerable set-back to almost any plan. Finally, on December 24, they surrendered to their Nemesis, and decided to buy Uncle Jasper a standard Christmas card with their last nickel, and mail it to him with their last stamp. Which they did.

In their disappointment and disgrace, they didn't even notice what kind of card they sent to Uncle Jasper, or what was on it. Lester says that he remembers only that it had something on it about a baby, and mentioned the name of some place called Bethany, or Bethlemy, or something of the sort.

BOOKS

THE PAASSEN SHOW

THAT DAY ALONE. By Pierre Van Paassen. The Dial Press. \$3.75

IN this volume, Pierre Van Paassen has a burning hatred of human suffering, a journalist's eye for a good story, a fluent if by no means flawless English style. He also shares the unconscious and never-questioned premises of the vast majority of his contemporaries, and finds it consequently easy to fix the blame for all our troubles on lack of good will rather than on false doctrine, on personified instrumental concepts such as "capitalism," "bourgeoisie," "fifth column," rather than on wrongly conceived ends. To obtain a hearing is never difficult for one who tells people what they are eager to hear and in an age in which, to quote Bergson, "to be able to talk of a thing is taken to be the same as knowing the thing," he has been raised to the rank of major prophet by the votes of the book-buying public. Mr. Van Paassen possesses an undeniable ability to talk of many things. Let us see what relation his ability bears to knowledge.

In the chapter entitled *Politics and Souls*, Mr. Van Paassen unmasks a vast and sinister conspiracy against humanity and progress. The arch-conspirator is the Papacy, and its objective is World Domination. Mr. Van Paassen has discovered somehow (apparently by reading an article by John Jay Chapman in the *Forum* for April, 1925) that "throughout the modern epoch and down to today the claim of the Papacy to authority has not suffered the smallest change." Catholics are pretty clever at concealing that sort of thing; Bishops, Mr. Van Paassen regrettably recognizes, never speak out of school. Fortunately, "actions which speak louder than words have incontrovertibly established the fact that the new world-political interventions of the Vatican date from the rise of Fascism."

It all began when Msgr. Achille Ratti, then Nuncio to Poland, did not run away—the other diplomats did—when, in 1922, Budyonny's Red cavalry stormed the gates of Warsaw. Instead, Msgr. Ratti organized, with General Weygand, Herbert Hoover, and Marshal Pilsudski, the defense of the Polish capital and was thus responsible for the Red fiasco. Next (Mr. Van Paassen hands us the information on the authority of a Dutch professor, one Dr. Jan Romeyn) Msgr. Ratti organized, *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*, the Polish terror in the Ukraine.

Raised to the Papal throne, Pius XI, "encouraged by his success in Eastern Europe, initiated a vast program of action in the rest of the world." First he organized the Catholic masses—just like the Fascists and the Communists—in the movement known as Catholic Action. Mr. Van Paassen does not say just what Catholic Action is; he leaves it to the imagination of his readers to fill in the lurid details. The Pope's next innovation was "missions, with a hoped-for result of reconquering lost provinces of the Church." The third point was the restoration of the Papal State. Mr. Van Paassen refrains from divulging just how much of a state.

After that, conquest followed upon conquest. The Concordat reconquered Italy. (It also, we are told, "Fascitized" the Vatican.) Dollfuss's overthrowing the Socialist municipality of Vienna reconquered Austria. Ethiopia was the fourth reconquered province; Spain was the fifth—Spain, where the Pope sided with the "word—and oath-breaking Generals," instead of siding, like a good Progressive, with the warriors who disemboweled, burned or flayed alive, or otherwise liquidated, priests and nuns. Portugal, where Fascism was established by Salazar along the lines of the Fascist Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, came next.

At the Genoa conference in 1922, Mr. Van Paassen

reveals, the Vatican sought to strike a bargain with the Bolsheviks, with a view to healing the Schism of 1054. But the Bolsheviks refused to be "had," and this, Mr. Van Paassen triumphantly points out, is why the Pope turned against Communism, and from time to time even preached a crusade against the Soviet Union.

Having been disappointed in the Bolsheviks, the Pope, Mr. Van Paassen unflinchingly discloses, sought an ally against them in the Nazis. But the Nazis, too, proved tough guys. Their claim to educate German youth clashed with the claim of the Church to do the same. Also, their doctrine of racial superiority was unacceptable to the Church "as an international, and in theory, supranational organization." "So while the Church's position in Germany remains uncertain, the drive continues in another direction . . . the Vatican, with its eyes to the east, trains teachers and priests for the moment when Germany shall have conquered the western part of the Soviet Union."

Such is Mr. Van Paassen's story of the Great Papist Plot against civilization. His manner conforms to his substance. He disposes of contrary evidence by ignoring it. If he has ever heard of the Encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge*, the great charter of the Christian case against Nazism, he does not give away the fact. He never demonstrates; he asserts where he dares, and insinuates where he dares not assert. He banks on his readers' knowing even less about his subjects than he does. He contradicts himself a dozen times with the calm assurance of one who has already sold 350,000 copies of the same sort of stuff. If he devotes a whole chapter to denouncing the interest of the Church in the affairs of this world, he conveniently forgets that, on page 371, he already denounced the Church for withdrawing from the world, for creating a private sphere for the exercise of Christian virtues. If on page 213 he denounced his native Holland for having jettisoned neutrality and having lost her independence to Britain, on page 218 he denounces Holland for her refusal to enter into staff discussions with Britain on the eve of the invasion.

You cannot argue with the type of statement put forward by Mr. Van Paassen. You can only expose it. To quote him is to refute him; to reproduce him is to caricature him. For the greater part of his book he may at least plead good intentions: his genuine sympathy with the suffering millions, his genuine hatred of injustice and cruelty and tyranny. But nothing, not even manifest ignorance, can excuse his malicious attack on that great and saintly defender of Christian liberties, Pope Pius XI. That sort of writing is a case for a Legion of Intellectual Decency.

EUGENE BAGGER

ADVENTURE OF THE AMERICAS

LANDS OF NEW WORLD NEIGHBORS. By Hans Christian Adamson. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill. \$3.50

IN five hundred and sixty pages, Hans Adamson opens not a cask but a veritable fountain for all armchair adventurers. The zest for knowledge and travel is widespread enough to insure this volume's wide popularity. It readily deserves it. Without being puzzling, Adamson's story is a captivating jig-saw picture of all the lands of the two Americas: their discovery, early settlement, subsequent growth.

The book ranges from the far day when a young Italian startled his era by insisting the route to the Indies lay, not eastward around Africa, but westward across the Atlantic. It moves to the day when eleven million cubic yards of concrete tamed the roaring Colum-

THE JESUITS of the MIDDLE UNITED STATES

by Gilbert J. Garraghan, S.J.

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Nothing lends more reality to history than to hear the living words of its actors. This is typically the plan of the present work. Literally thousands of unpublished Jesuit letters and reports in various languages have been read, their contents sifted and significant passages from the same or even the entire document set before the reader. One feels brought into very close touch with these missionaries, educators and parish-priests of another day as they engaged with admirable devotion in their great adventure of winning the West for Christ.

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NEW YORK, N. Y.

bia River at Grand Coulee. One rides the vast treeless pampas of the Argentine with the independent Gauchos and shivers with Roald Amundsen on the *Gjoa's* deck as the Norwegian crystallizes man's long-lived dream of a Northwest Passage. The reader watches Columbus "steal the moon," by a predicted eclipse, from the Jamaica Indians with the same assurance with which Hernando Cortez lifts the lands and gold of Montezuma and his Aztecs.

There is a wealth of Americana within these pages: the Maya warriors with hand-grenades filled with live hornets and the Aztecs who expected the end of the world every 52 years; Henry Morgan and the buccaneer brethren of the coast, sword-rattling models of Sabatini's debonair Peter Blood; Spanish governors philosophically justifying slave trade in the necklace of the Indies: "God is very high, the King is very far away, and I am here the only master!"; Kit Carson, the runaway boy who became the greatest scout of the West; John Jacob Astor founding a fortune in furs; the Louisiana Purchase bringing us the area of thirteen States at three cents an acre, the California missions, the Klondike.

It is impossible to read this story of our Americas without feeling that it is indeed "a record of the hopes and fears, failures and accomplishments of men who lived dangerously and often died with their eyes fixed on new horizons." The book is well-indexed, although the inclusion of a map or two would also be of service. On the very minor side it is a question whether Cárdenas belongs in a list of great Mexican "heroes."

ARTHUR R. MCGRATTY

THE HEALING TOUCH

WILLIAM HENRY WELCH AND THE HEROIC AGE OF AMERICAN MEDICINE. By Simon Flexner and James Thomas Flexner. The Viking Press. \$3.75

The eightieth birthday of William Henry Welch was celebrated in 1930 by an International Broadcast. Herbert Hoover, then President of the United States, was present on that occasion and said: "Dr. Welch is our greatest statesman in the field of public health." This interesting biography of the Doctor proves that the statement of Mr. Hoover was eminently correct, for no single person has accomplished so much for the nation's health.

It is a long book, yet there seems to be not one unnecessary paragraph, so brimming with constructive activity was the long life of Dr. Welch, and so charming and well-rounded his personality. The book was written for the layman, but will be read with even greater appreciation by medical men, who will find in the carefully documented work, the step-by-step progress of scientific research and advancement of medicine in this country, fostered by the tireless effort of Dr. Welch.

The first member of the Welch family to settle in America was Philip, who came from Ireland to Boston in 1654. There were doctors in the family as early as the 1780's, and when William Henry was born on April 8, 1850, there were five of them. His father, William Wickham Welch, practised medicine in Norfolk, Conn., from 1839 until his death in 1892.

It is a most happy circumstance which inspired the Flexners to write this biography, because the senior collaborator, Dr. Simon Flexner, was a pupil of "Popsy's" at Johns Hopkins, and was closely associated with him throughout his life. He has imbued the story with his own feeling of respect and affection for this great man. Dr. Flexner has access to the vast amount of letters and papers of Dr. Welch, and much of the text is made up of excerpts from letters to his only sister, who was his confidante for many years. This distinguished bachelor had hosts of friends and was admired for his affable and winning manners, but he remained aloof, and only to his sister did he reveal his inner self.

From his student days in Yale, Dr. Welch wished to

study and teach, rather than practise medicine. After two years in the scientific laboratories in Germany, he returned to America, with visions of new and hitherto untried fields to which he would devote his life: fields of research in Bacteriology and Experimental Pathology and later in Hygiene and Medical History.

No important project for the betterment of health in the United States was undertaken without the advice and enthusiasm of Dr. Welch. He was one of the first on the staff of the Johns Hopkins and the first president of the Scientific Board of the Rockefeller Institute of Medical Research. He accomplished prodigious feats of statesmanship in encouraging every kind of beneficial legislation in this country, right up to the time of his death in 1934.

CATHERINE MURPHY

THE MAN ON MY BACK. By Eric Linklater. The Macmillan Co. \$3

A HEARTY relish for word and phrase, sensitive observation, and a rueful humor make this literary autobiography a work of distinction. Mr. Linklater has been known on this side of the Atlantic chiefly for his puckish picaresque novels, *Juan in America* and *Magnus Merriman*. His life, rooted in a Viking ancestry, began some forty years ago on one of the lake-laid green islands that front the ocean to the west of Scotland; and it is to his native Orkneys that he returned after various alarms and excursions to East and West: to muddy France in World War I; to India and back to Scotland via Baghdad and Tiflis; to the United States, cross-country from Cornell to Southern California during two years of the hypertensive twenties; back to England and wedlock, over Panama; and then to India, Assam, Shanghai and Tokio.

It is a picaresque life; and, save for a probing thrust now and again, never goes very deep beneath the surface of things. But the tale is told with a glowing vibrancy of words and a poetic imagination that ever quivers on the verge of laughter. "I have been led astray," Mr. Linklater admits, "by a liking for fine phrases. I drank deeply of the Elizabethan writers, and the fumes of their prodigious eloquence hung in my brain for years." Our young writers may well take the hint and deeply drink of those rare spirits before they set to work.

For a time, at least, we are putting this book on that special shelf we have reserved for Tomlinson, Conrad, Chesterton and Meredith.

R. F. GRADY

FROM MY HIGHEST HILL. By Olive Tilford Dargan (*Fielding Burke*). J. B. Lippincott Co. \$3.50

THIS thoroughly revised edition of the author's *Highland Annals* contains nine stories about the people living in the Smoky Mountain region of Carolina. The beauty of the hills is caught in many delightful bits of description, but the chief interest centers in the men and women who reflect in their characters much of the charm and ruggedness of their surroundings.

Coming among them as a stranger, the author soon wins their confidence and learns the intimacies of their hard, but happy and carefree life. Though there is no lack of cruel or reckless persons, their vices or shortcomings serve to throw into bolder relief the sterling virtues of their neighbors. In taking a city man on a phantom fox hunt, Sam exhibits the native sensitivity, shrewdness and vanity, while Serena gives an example of high charity when she brings into her crowded home a woman whose malady makes life unbearable for all around her.

A few jarring notes are struck here and there in the author's exaggerated sentiment for trees and for her morning sleep, and there is a manifest failure to understand sin in the closing story in which an attempt is made to cast a halo around adultery. But, these defects aside, the book is so rich in interest, humor, and excitement that the reader will probably finish it with a feeling of gratitude for having been brought into such close contact with a likeable group of people.

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THEATRE

ANGEL STREET. There is more welcome news from New York's theatrical center. We have on our stage two more good new plays—*Junior Miss*, at the Lyceum Theatre, which I will review next week, and *Angel Street*, at the Golden Theatre, to which I am giving immediate attention.

Angel Street is a melodrama. It has only five characters and one setting, the latter being the living room in a house on Angel Street in London. It lacks all the old standbys in which our producers have such touching faith. There are no pistol shots, no ghostly steps nor rappings, no faces at the windows, no dead bodies. There is only one policeman. He is with us almost from the beginning of the play, and we see him "do his stuff." There is no violent action. The conversations of the characters carry on the development of the situation. And yet with all this apparent quiet every moment of the play is so tense that the nerves of the spectators tingle incessantly.

From the first moment we see that the heroine, Mrs. Manningham, (superbly played by a newcomer to our stage, Judith Evelyn), is in mortal terror of her husband and is literally being driven mad by him. He is quiet, polished, apparently devoted. But there is a mystery. From the rise of the curtain we sense it. It will not be revealed here. That would deprive future spectators of some of the suspense.

A policeman in the neighborhood, "Sergeant Rough," suspects from the gossip of the servants what that mystery may be. He presents himself to Mrs. Manningham one evening, in the absence of her husband, to look into it and to protect her. The sole remaining characters are servants—a middle-aged housekeeper and a flirtatious maid who is supposed to furnish comedy relief. She is a good actress, but who wants relief? Certainly the audience does not, so there is none too much of it. We concentrate on the ordeal of Mrs. Manningham.

I am not going to tell you another word about the plot. That would not be fair to the author, Patrick Hamilton, who has done his work so well, nor to the producers, Messrs. Traube and Cohen, nor to that amazingly good little cast, each member of whom seems made for his or her part. Manningham, the husband, is played to perfection by Vincent Price; and the policeman, Leo G. Carroll, an actor we have liked much in other roles, sets a new high in this one. The two servants, Elizabeth Eustis and Florence Edney, are all they should be, and the early Victorian atmosphere of the gas-lit old English living room gives us a nice thrill of artistic horror.

Put *Angel Street* on your list, and take the whole family to see it as soon as you can.

THE DAYS OF OUR YOUTH. As one who has watched with interest the steady development of the Studio Theatre Group, but who is usually in the position of seeing its new plays taken off, after several days' successful run, before she can review them, I would like to say Hail and Farewell to their first offering of this season. The short lives of their plays are apparently the result of a burning desire on the part of the Young Group to put on every play they like.

Let me say that Frank Gabrielson's *Days of Our Youth* was a surprisingly good first offering, and that Mr. Gabrielson will yet do something big in our theatre. His play is a college play, with a lot of clever young people in it—the best of them (not mentioned in the order of their excellence) being Phillip Brown, Hana Karol, Norman Tokar, Ruth Davis, Leon Janney, and Scott Stephens. I regretted the occasional presence of a young Communist who had too much to say. None of it was worth saying, and some of it was stuff that should not be said at all.

ELIZABETH JORDAN

FILMS

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL. The most dated characteristic about Hollywood is its modern attitude toward divorce as a correlative of marriage, and its consistent disregard of the conventions of others has grown into a stale convention of its own. The chief complaint against this film, for example, is not that it is scandalous but that it is too obviously a matter of design; it is a job of construction and not of creation. There is a certain glitter to the production, and Norman Taurog's management of the details is professionally adroit, but the constant moviegoer has seen the thing before. An unchivalrous soul poses as a sculptor to ensnare a woman judge's affections and compromise her into reversing a divorce decision against his employer. The plot goes on schedule until the expected happens and the man falls in love with his quarry. Revelation all around causes momentary complications, but is a prelude to reconciliation. While there is a certain amount of old-fashioned sentimental value attached to the idea that the judge and her reformed conspirator will marry, the chief function of that device is to end the film neatly. Rosalind Russell is perfectly at home in the feminine lead, with Walter Pidgeon and Edward Arnold lending personal vitality to tailored roles. This is standard sophistication for adults. (MGM)

CONFIRM OR DENY. One small good derived from the expanding war will be to make such propagandist pictures as this anti-climactic, and the film industry may now feel free to concentrate more on basic entertainment. Judged by the new standard, this melodrama about an American who puts duty to the press before patriotism is an ordinary production, infrequently exciting and unduly sentimental. A news service man falls in love with an English girl in an air-raid shelter, but her notions of loyalty do not jibe with his attempts to smuggle news past the British censor. His secret carrier pigeon system brings him a scoop and an emergency provides the opportunity to get it on the wires, but the death of a young aide changes the newsman's point of view. Archie Mayo has directed the film capably enough, but the motivation is strained throughout the yarn. Don Ameche and Joan Bennett are adequate but seldom impressive in a moderately entertaining picture for adults. (Twentieth Century-Fox)

MIDNIGHT ANGEL. An accidental timeliness adds interest to this routine murder mystery, now that the blackout has become a national reality. A man accused of murdering his partner in an invention intended for the Army escapes during a blackout drill and is befriended by a girl who helps him uncover the criminal head of a sabotage ring. The complications involve a second murder and a plot to blow up a munitions plant, and those elements have a certain violent interest which Ralph Murphy capitalizes to the limit. Robert Preston, Martha O'Driscoll and Philip Merivale are effective in a good family diversion. (Paramount)

STEEL AGAINST THE SKY. An occupational theme is decked out with standard devices in this film, including the fraternal feud which serves to pit a stern older brother against a shiftless younger and result in a happy reformation. The foreman on a bridge-building job falls in love with the boss's daughter only to have his brother carry off the prize. An injury to the foreman gives his rival a chance to prove his worth and induce a happy ending. A. Edward Sutherland directed, and Lloyd Douglas, Alexis Smith and Gene Lockhart are superior to their material. The straightforward progress and simple values of the film make it entertaining family fare. (Warner)

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ART

THE design of stage sets, once the work of anonymous scene painters, is now in the happy condition where the name of a highly publicized scenic designer is considered a valuable publicity adjunct to a theatrical production. This, unfortunately, has not always meant that modern stage art warranted much in the way of enthusiastic comment. A great deal of it has been mediocre in quality and it, generally, has lacked an individual, or basic approach to this particular problem.

An exhibition of stage sets recently held at the New York Public Library, in contrast, was not only distinctive in the artistic quality of the designs but was also notable for the logic that characterized the artist's work of relating his designs to theatrical uses. These settings were the work of Mr. Frederick Kiesler and, in addition to his settings, the exhibition also included some sets done by his pupils at the Juilliard School of Music. The entire collection has now been presented to the Public Library, by the Juilliard School, and it is a valuable addition to the reference data on this subject. Mr. Kiesler's preliminary studies are unusually interesting and display a high degree of talent and artistic control.

There is an inevitable contrast between the work of master and pupils but no more than might be expected, considering the experience and attainments of this artist-architect. As Mr. Kiesler is of Viennese origin, and was identified with particular art movements in Central Europe, a certain residue, deriving from these facts, is apparent in his designs. The playfulness and lightness of touch, which is natural to his work, however, is well removed from frivolity. It is, rather, a projection into artistic form of the best aspects of the above qualities, which, in their combination of sophistication and child-likeness, must always be associated in peoples' minds with the city of his nativity. It typifies, however, and less fortunately, Vienna transplanted in New York. A native development, possessing a similar artistic elevation and logic of approach would have more significance in this American environment.

An insistence on scenic detail, such as over-size parts tends to lessen some of the subjectivity essential to settings, and to disrupt the scale and relationship to the actors. What may be termed clarity, however, is a unique and prevalent quality in the designs and this relates well with the logic of Mr. Kiesler's basic approach. While all stage sets must, necessarily, be fitted to dramatic action they have usually been considered merely as atmospheric backgrounds. In the Kiesler sets, in contrast, the forms are based on the dramatic action itself, and, therefore, tend to become integral with it. There is a profound and far reaching difference between this approach and that usual to a pictorial type of stage design. Not only is it more logical but, being predicated on the action of the drama, it opens the way toward the development of inevitable and resultant forms in design, and this is of vital artistic importance.

A similar experimental study, or analysis, of the planning of sanctuaries for churches on the basis of action, would be very valuable. The re-introduction of sanctuary choirs, and processions, as well as a more solemn and less business-like observance of the liturgy, makes the need of such a study imperative. It is, moreover, one that could very well be undertaken by an architectural school, such as that directed by Mr. Frederick Murphy at the Catholic University. A study of this kind would open the way for a new spatial arrangement, and structural development, that would be fresh and vital in its forms and more of a unity with the Liturgy than what now exists. Such a study, naturally, must proceed within the confines of the rubrics, but it is an essential factor if that inevitable thing, modern architecture, is to have an authentic, religious expression.

BARRY BYRNE

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR LADY OF VICTORIES

EDITOR: I have had a prayer among the leaves of my Missal since that Sunday morning in 1937, July 11, that I visited Notre Dame des Victoires in Paris. It was given to me among other souvenir leaflets in exchange for a donation that I gave to the Archconfraternity of the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary, established in that church over a hundred years ago, and flourishing today, for the conversion of sinners:

NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES, priez pour nous! Vierge Sainte, au milieu de vos jours glorieux, n'oubliez pas les tristesses de la terre. Jétez un regard de bonté sur ceux qui sont dans la souffrance, qui luttent contre les difficultés.

Ayez pitié de ceux qui s'aiment et qui ont été séparés.

Ayez pitié de l'isolement du coeur.

Ayez pitié de la faiblesse de notre foi.

Ayez pitié des objets de notre tendresse.

Ayez pitié de ceux qui pleurent, de ceux qui prient, de ceux qui tremblent.

Donnez à tous l'espérance et la paix avec la victoire! Ainsi soit-il! (L'Abbé Perreyve.)

My translation of that prayer to Our Lady of Victories would be as follows:

Holy Virgin, in the midst of your glorious days, do not forget the sadness of earth. Cast a look of goodness on those who are suffering, who are fighting against difficulties.

Have pity on those who love one another and who have been separated.

Have pity on the loneliness of our hearts.

Have pity on the weakness of our faith.

Have pity on the objects of our love.

Have pity on those who are weeping, on those who are praying, on those who are seized with fear.

Give to all of us hope and peace with victory!

Amen.

Frequently since that Sunday in July, 1937, I have said that prayer. And since September, 1939, I have said it daily for all those people who were attacked by the Nazis and their partners in crime.

It seems to me that it would give great consolation to Americans were it given wide circulation during these our days of trial and suffering. Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception is the Patroness of these United States. Surely the fact that December 8, the Patronal Feast Day of the United States, marks our entrance into a just war in self-defense has some significance! My own humble conviction is that Mary Immaculate, after this war is ended, will be honored by her Divine Son's Representative on earth with the definition of the dogma that she is the Mediatrix of all grace.

New York, N. Y.

ETHEL A. PETERSEN

PRIORY OF SAINT PAUL

EDITOR: A note on the suppression of Maria Laach by the German Government, appearing in the *Catholic Mind* (December 8) is interesting but rather in the nature of ancient history. And it leaves untold the part of the story most interesting to American Catholics.

It seems not to be generally known that a remnant of the Maria Laach Benedictines have established themselves in the United States. The Priory of Saint Paul, at Keyport, New Jersey, is presided over by the former Prior of Maria Laach, who has at present but five or six subjects. There are, however, a number of aspirants for this Priory, among them at least one from the Abbey of Saint Meinrad, in Indiana.

The Prior of Saint Paul's is eminent for learning and the other Monks of the Priory are scholars. The Community has secured a large and attractive property at Keyport and will soon be erecting suitable buildings. It is intended that this house become a center of the Liturgical Revival in the United States and a means of contact with non-Catholics (especially Anglicans) who are feeling their way toward the Church. One recent convert from the ministry of the Episcopal Church, who has been accepted by the Archbishop of New York for the priesthood, is now making his preparation for Holy Orders at Saint Paul's.

Would it not be well advised to stimulate interest in this Benedictine foundation which may loom large in the future life of the American Church?

New York, N. Y.

THEODORE C. P. VERMILYE.

CHESTERTON

EDITOR: In addition to complimenting you for your excellent issue of December 13, I should like to focus my particular gratitude on Clarence Styza's "prayer" to G. K. Chesterton. I enjoyed it very much indeed, and was glad to be assured that others, like myself, regard Mr. Chesterton's literary products as simple and profound at the same moment.

Thank you for your continued efforts to keep us enlightened and interested, and best wishes for your continued success.

Kalispell, Mont.

HAROLD F. SMITH

PROHIBITION

EDITOR: I am taking the liberty of submitting to you some facts, suggested by the statement in the December 6 issue of *AMERICA* by Father Daniel M. O'Connell, S.J.— "... the greatest harm done to the holy cause of temperance in the United States since its European foundations, was the imposition of national prohibition."

In 1920, when prohibition came, there were in the country 300 institutions for the cure of drunkenness. In 1930, ten years later, another survey was made and it was found that they were all closed up except eight. More strictly speaking, there were 24, but 16 of these were then on the point of closing. They were insolvent, but trying to hold on hoping for repeal.

I don't know how many there are now. It would be interesting.

The American Educational Society held its annual convention in Atlantic City in 1930 (I think). The date can be verified. The 12,000 delegates, representing the public schools all over the country, voted unanimously that "Things are better and cleaner now than before prohibition."

When repeal was threatened in 1931 both Fielding H. Yost and Alonzo A. Stagg, two of America's greats in the football coaching world, hurried to Washington to protest. Among other things, Stagg told Congress that never until now have the boys and girls of America been given a fair chance in life. He begged them, with moist eyes, not to make any change, but hold the gains we now have. Yost's statement was about the same thing.

Compare the high-school registrations of the country in 1920 with that of 1930, as revealed in the U. S. census returns, and you will find that there was an increase of 50 per cent, while the population was increasing 16 per cent.

Prior to Volsteadian days it was common for the Salvation Army in New York to pick up off the streets,

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in hallways and in the gutters from 50 to 100 drunks a night. They had improvised stretchers made for this purpose and many two-men teams to carry them. Early after 1920 this commenced to drop off. It continued to drop off until by 1928 it petered out entirely. The practice was discontinued.

It required 80 years, prior to 1922, to write the first fifty billion dollars in life insurance. It required just the next seven years, from 1922 to 1929, to write the next \$50,000,000,000.

I request that your editorial staff check these facts and figures. Every fact has already been verified more than once. Since prohibition has done the holy cause of temperance so much harm, don't you believe you should sort of balance it off against some of the "incidental" good done by prohibition? And by the way, I gave you just a few of the facts I have, those that came to my mind. I have more, many of them.

All we ask is that you give it some thought.

Now with your further tolerance: His Eminence, Cardinal O'Connell, evidently shared your views. In about the year 1931 he said something like this: "The Church has fought the ugly monster ever since the days of Saint Paul."

With that thought in mind go to the records. My recollection is that I got mine mostly from the various year books, *The World*, I believe. There may be still better authority. But wherever you get it, the facts are that the consumption of intoxicants in this country increased, and continued to increase, with seldom the let-up of a year or two, right up to the adoption of the Volstead law. Mind you, a continuous increase, per capita, all over the country, with the exceptions of, perhaps, Kansas and Maine. I'm not sure about North Dakota.

Now, what have we? Our Church, yours and mine and Cardinal O'Connell's, has been bravely fighting the ugly monster since before the days of Columbus, but consumption of alcoholics has been on a steady increase, per man!

We Catholics are a boastful people. We love to boast in and out of season. But, is there so much to boast about in our fight with the ugly monster? We have fought him valiantly ever since the days of the Apostles, but he has been pushing us back during the whole game. I am unable to give the score, but the touchdowns certainly were all his—up to 1920.

Certainly, sport annals do not record so one-sided a game!

The Church, with all its power and influence, was continually fighting the inroads of intoxication, but the yearly consumption per capita persisted with an increase. It increased and it increased. What is there in this for us to boast about?

I cannot speak for the Church—only for myself. But when I look the honest-to-goodness facts squarely in the face I hide my face in shame.

The members of the Catholic total abstinence society to which I belong will appreciate your giving the above facts your thought.

Hollywood, Calif.

PAUL CASSERLY

CLOSED SHOP

EDITOR: I suppose I have to qualify herewith among the casual readers with a closed mind to the Closed Shop, according to the writer of the letter in a recent issue (AMERICA, December 13).

The union greatly benefits the workers and so, in a measure, does the Closed Shop. I agree to that. Undoubtedly also, the Closed Shop, *voluntarily accepted, without threat or intimidation*, contributes to the Vocational Groups of the Papal Encyclicals; but the Closed Shop and nothing but that, has its inherent dangers.

Why? 1. It is the working man's natural right *freely* to form and *freely* to join unions for the protection of his interests. But the Closed Shop frustrates that right. 2. *Labor solidarity* does not demand that every working man in a trade be a member of a union and even

less of a Closed Shop. 3. A Closed Shop system in industry means "either join the union and Closed Shop or starve"; for all industry operates under the Closed Shop rule. 4. In the third case the working class acquires a *dangerous power*, amounting to dictation to the state itself. Witness the strike of the "captive mine" workers. Recall also the threatened strike about twenty years ago of the four railroad brotherhoods. "We'll starve out New York in three days or tie up the whole country, unless our demands are met" said the "good" brotherhoods. 5. Last, but not least, a universally introduced Closed Shop can and will destroy the *liberty of franchise*, which is an inviolate right in a democratic government and one of its defenses. A Closed Shop can and under circumstances will not hesitate to *dictate* the vote for the candidate. The C.I.O. has, today, approximately four million members. The A.F. of L. may have as many. Let us be wary of the Closed Shop ruling industry.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

PHILIP H. BURKETT

EDITOR: Your issue of December 13, 1941, carried a letter from Father William J. Smith, Director of the Crown Heights School of Catholic Workmen. Father Smith made the statement: "The Closed Shop, voluntarily accepted, without threat or intimidation, is very much in keeping with the Papal Encyclicals." It was gratifying to note Father Smith's support of the principle of the Closed Shop.

At the same time the statement above quoted raises serious questions. What is meant by the phrase "voluntarily accepted, without threat or intimidation?" If the principle of a Closed Shop is sound, may a labor union use economic pressure to attain it? Would such pressure, for example, a strike, amount to a "threat" or "intimidation"? Does "voluntarily accepted" mean that a Closed Shop is sound in principle only when an employer offers to grant it to his employees or accepts it without the least demur?

In these days of active participation in a World War and the unlikelihood that labor unions, either A. F. of L. or C.I.O., will resort to strikes in order to compel acceptance of a Closed Shop, it is likely that these questions are academic. Even so, they will remain academic only during the emergency. When the War has ended, the question of a Closed Shop will be very much in the forefront. It would be the part of wisdom to get our thinking straight now in preparation for the period of reconstruction.

Washington, D. C.

JAMES V. HAYES

CATHOLIC GOOD NEIGHBORS

EDITOR: Your comment in the December 6 issue of AMERICA stating that Yale University was planning to make Latin America a major field of study was of special interest to me and many other students at Immaculata College.

I am very happy to write that for the second year Immaculata College is giving a course in Latin-American Civilization. The Spanish Club has only recently reorganized as the first college unit of the Sign Seminar, which seeks to promote spiritual Pan-Americanism among the peoples of the Americas. It is the hope of The Sign Seminar of Immaculata that many other Catholic colleges will soon follow suit and form a similar group with this same purpose.

It may also interest you to know that the University of San Marcos and the Catholic University in Lima, Peru and the University of Santiago and the Catholic University in Santiago, Chile, have honored Immaculata with four perpetual scholarships for graduate study. Our first student, God willing, will sail for Santiago, Chile, in March.

We feel that Immaculata College is not neglecting her duty as a Catholic college in this highly important field.

Immaculata, Pa.

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EVENTS

AN official board recently met and decided on standardizing sizes for the flat toothpick, the round toothpick and the clothespin. . . . The newspapers gave the incident quite a play. . . . This brief appearance of the toothpick and the clothespin in the news dispatches because of the action by the board marked the first time they have been given public notice for many years. . . . This constant snubbing by the press of these humble articles is just another manifestation of the failure of moderns to realize the contribution made by the toothpick, the clothespin and other similar objects to civilization. . . . The lack of appreciation is widespread and dismal. . . . Indeed, one may say without a trace of exaggeration that there is in this modern world no gratitude whatsoever toward the inventor of the flat toothpick, none for the inventor of the round toothpick, none—and this is still more difficult to understand—none for the inventor of the clothespin. . . . Edison, Alexander Graham Bell, Marconi and a host of others are the subjects of books, magazine articles and moving pictures. Their various contributions to human progress receive the accolade of sincere praise. . . . But there has never been a movie detailing the life of the inventor of the flat toothpick, or, for that matter, a film unfolding the story of the father of the round toothpick. . . . Books abound which detail the exciting moment when Bell, a quite discernible gleam in his eye, finally achieved the telephone. . . . But the library shelves contain not even one tome to tell of the historic moment when the unknown benefactor of mankind, a glow of triumph is his or her eye, finally achieved the clothespin. . . .

One need only speculate on what life was like before the advent of these lowly aids to civilization to evaluate properly the cultural influence they spread through the modern social scene, and the appreciation that should be shown for their inventors. . . . Imagine the days when there was no hairbrush. . . . What did men do? . . . And women? . . . Picture an evening bridge-party in those times, with everyone's hair unbrushed. . . . What about the bleak days before some unknown genius invented the shoe brush? . . . How could anyone in those times feel uplifted and forward-looking in the presence of multitudes of dirty shoes, that is, if there were shoes then? . . . Consider the housewife striving to dry her wash in the dark days that knew not the clothespin. . . . How did she attach the wash to the clothesline in the backyard? . . . Or was the concept of having a wash known to the people of that period? . . . Or the idea of the backyard? . . . Or the clothesline? . . . And which was invented first—the wash or the clothespin? . . . The backyard or the clothesline? . . . The shoe brush or the shoe? . . . The dinner or the toothpick? . . .

One is appalled to think of the era which had no pins. . . . No hairpins. . . . No safety pins. . . . No pins of any kind. . . . And yet people managed to live somehow in that pinless period. . . . How they struggled on is, of course, difficult for us today to comprehend. . . . In a study of this sort, another question, that of the button, cannot be avoided. . . . We of this zipper-conscious age which grows constantly more contemptuous of the button find it difficult to understand the plight of ancient peoples who not merely had no zippers, who had not even buttons. . . . How, we wonder, how did these underprivileged human beings wrestle with life without the aid of pins, hairbrushes or buttons; without toothpicks, backyards, clotheslines, shoe brushes, clothes-pins? . . . That they staggered on somehow or other is history. . . . That they would have appreciated the inventors of these things more than we do appears highly probable.

THE PARADER